

**M. F. Buckley Jr. on
SINGLE-ISSUE VOTING**

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Modesto Messiah

JOHN GREENWAY*

*** JOHN GREENWAY, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., is an ordained minister of the Universal Life Church, in which he holds the rank of Bishop, Archbishop, Cardinal, and Saint**

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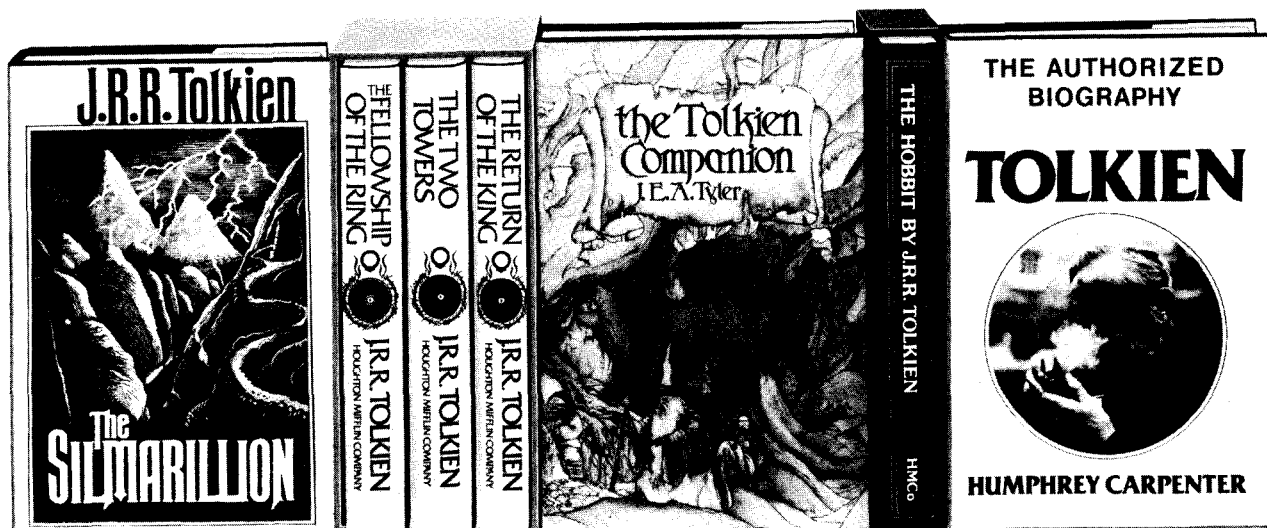


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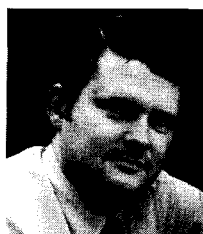
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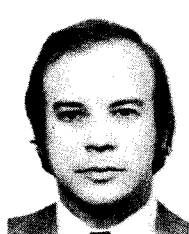
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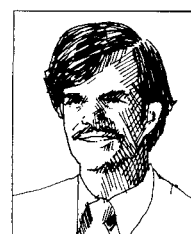
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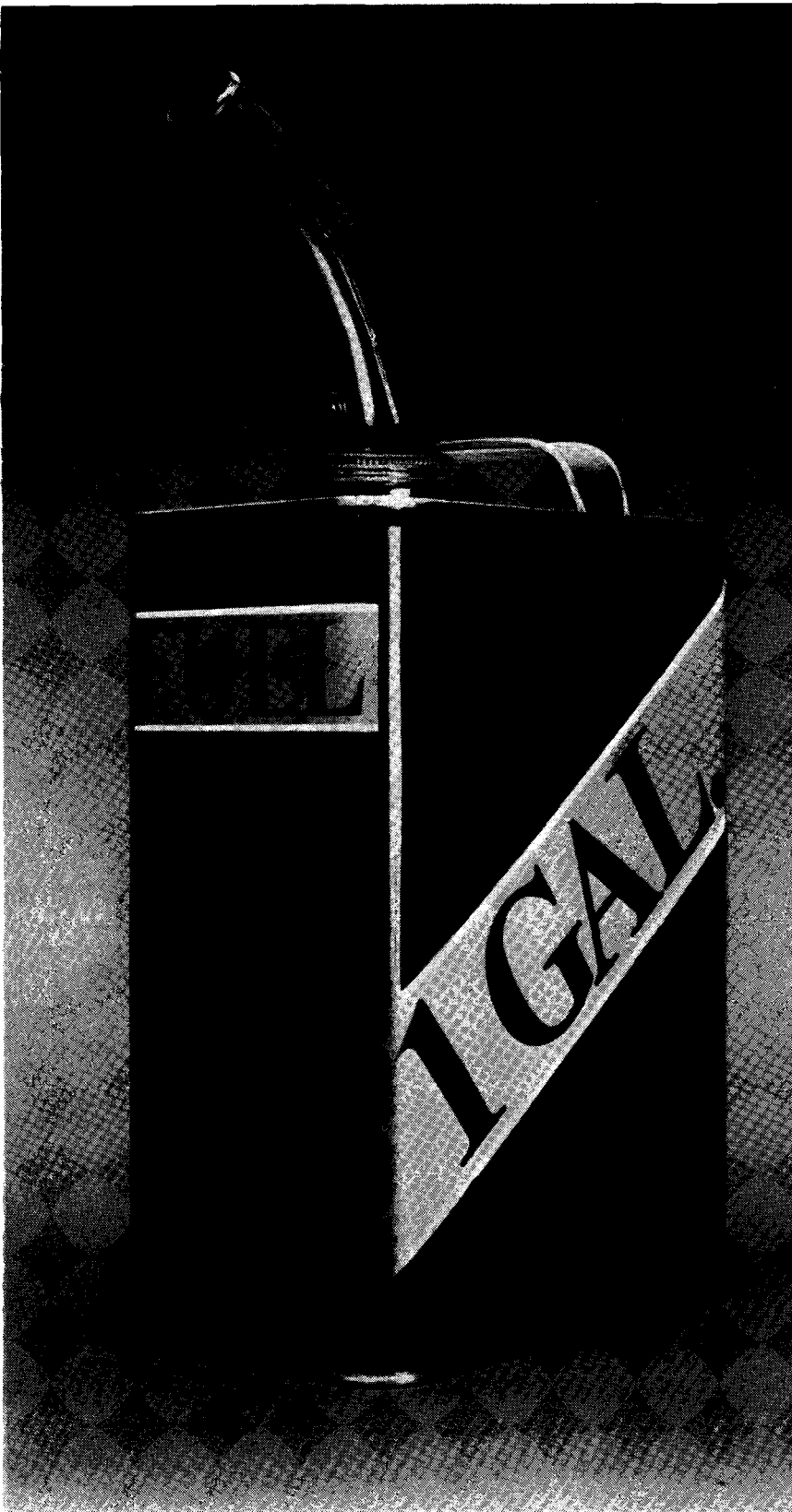
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Elephantiasis

I enjoyed Bruce Bartlett's lucid historical and analytical survey of the Kemp-Roth bill ["Revolution of 1978," Oct. 27], until the final sentence. Bartlett concludes with a gust of perfervid optimism that might prompt even William Brock, Republican National Committee Chairman, to blush: "And the Republicans have caught the mood of the people, to a point where, for the first time in two decades, it is not unreasonable to consider the possibility of a Republican President backed up by a Republican Congress."

Mr. Bartlett has read too many RNC press releases. The real (if disappointing) fact is that the Republicans have demonstrated only token resurgence as a result of the tax revolt. Various polls, in fact, show most people believe the Democrats will do a better job of cutting taxes and reducing inflation than the Republicans. I do not know why voters so distrust Republicans (Nixon?), but it is a fact; one which I fear will be underscored in this November's elections. The tax-cut victory, if there is one, will go to Kemp-Roth and to the supply-side economists, not to the GOP.

Give Mr. Bartlett some credit, though. He noticed the really dead elephant: those stuffy Republicans who distrusted Kemp-Roth because it might lead to greater budget deficits. Voters want to hear of possibility and growth and prosperity, not of retrenchment and scarcity. The litany of the balanced budget is about as exciting as an economics textbook. Some younger Republicans—Kemp, Jeff Bell, et al.—recognize this. Maybe there is some lingering hope for the GOP.

Paul Anthony
International Falls, Minn.

Debating Paul VI

Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn is wrong to exempt Pope Paul VI from responsibility for the modern problems of the Catholic Church ["Indelible Pope," Sept. 29], despite clever talk of "peritonitis" and willful American bishops. Pope John did not convene Vatican II, did not chair its sessions, did not ratify its decrees, did not vandalize the Mass, did not shoot the saints out of the calendar, *ad nauseam*. John did not bequeath any "mess." Paul VI created the "mess," abetted the "mess." It is not "premature" to judge Montini now. The conclave did so by the election of an antonymous "pastoral" pontiff (Luciani). Paul's trademark was the psychological molestation of the faithful. That "indelible" blot may earn for his memory the

eventual anathema to be pronounced by his successors.

Joseph E. Jacques
Silver Spring, Md.

Your praise of Paul VI is fainthearted and shortsighted indeed ["The Pope Is Dead," Sept. 1]. Beyond any political or sociological considerations, Pope Paul must be judged in light of his incarnate witness to the central, transcendent, absolute (and therefore liberating) truth of the Church. His witness was not, like John's, a gentle radiance, but a consuming flame, like one who suffers at the point of contradiction between God's word and man's action.

Mary M. Parks
Mercersburg, Pa.

Blowing His Cover

I do hope someone, preferably Mr. Buckley or Mr. Kesler, will tell our young Belgian friend that his cover is blown ["Notes and Asides," Oct. 13]. He will likely have a very hard time smuggling out any letters on a future trip to Czechoslovakia. I wince at the carelessness that allows stories to be printed without properly shielding people who are vulnerable.

William T. McGowan Jr.
Malverne, N.Y.

We did not disclose our Belgian friend's name, so it is difficult to understand how his smuggling will be impeded. Communist officials already assume that most Belgians, indeed most Westerners, are potential threats. The Czechs will still have to search every Belgian who enters or leaves their country.

—ED.

Seductive Populism

It is a seductive thought that if we open up the legislative process to the people through a national plebiscite, the conservative heart of the electorate will express itself ["The Week," Oct. 27]. All those nasty special interest groups and liberal elitists who now control our government will be deposed. Since when has NR been consulting William Jennings Bryan for political advice? What happened to Hamilton and Madison?

A voter initiative is a two-edged, volatile sword. Today's tax-cutting libertarian is tomorrow's pacifist or witch-hunter. The voter initiative in California gave us Proposition 13, but it also produced the *anti-libertarian* propositions on smoking and homosexuality.

Second, the modern electorate is disturbingly susceptible to the omnipresent

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influence of the media. When the manipulative tactics of media wizard David Garth can help to re-elect incompetent — and underdog — incumbents like Brendan Byrne in New Jersey and John Lindsay in New York, conservatives ought to pause. Which is worse: a Congress confronted with opposing interest groups, or an electorate easily swayed by advertising slogans and media demagogues?

But a national voter initiative ought primarily to be rejected on principle. There is a virtue in delegating political responsibility to a particular group like a Congress. It allows the rest of us to go about the business of living. A stream of referenda would tax too severely the energies of the public. Given enough time and enough elections, the views of the legislators will reflect the views of the public. Perhaps *NR* should listen to George Will: "[A national referendum] is a shortsighted and opportunistic derogation of the essence of republican government. That essence is the principle of representation: the principle that although 'the people' dispose of power, they do not exercise it."

Andrew Amos and
Grinnell, Iowa

I was disappointed to see *The New Republic* writer Henry Fairlie at least indirectly vindicated in his criticism of *NR* as too eager to invoke the popular voice in support of its positions. William F. Buckley Jr. had responded with a blistering letter ["Notes and Asides," May 26], which averred: "on the unusual occasion when we cite the polls, it is generally for the sake of identifying as of journalistic interest a trend. We do not consult them in quest of sanction, let alone authority."

Well, *NR* may not invoke the popular voice in quest of authority, but its paragraph on a national voter initiative certainly suggests it would consult that voice for more substantive undertakings like law-making. The writer even lapsed into the populist vernacular, indulging in a small jibe at "the Bourbons." Next you will be making references to "cocktail conservatives." I am puzzled by your enthusiasm for this populist boondoggle.

Nick Thomas
Oshkosh, Wis.

Let the CIA Do It

Senator George McGovern has been jeered by many conservatives ["The Week," Sept. 15] for his public call for an international military rescue mission to enter and pacify Cambodia. I think that is unfair. As mistaken as he was about our Southeast Asia policy (and he was 100 per cent wrong), he was nevertheless sincere in his disagreement, and had no idea of what would happen as soon as we "gave peace a chance."

The kids are back in school—but what are they learning?

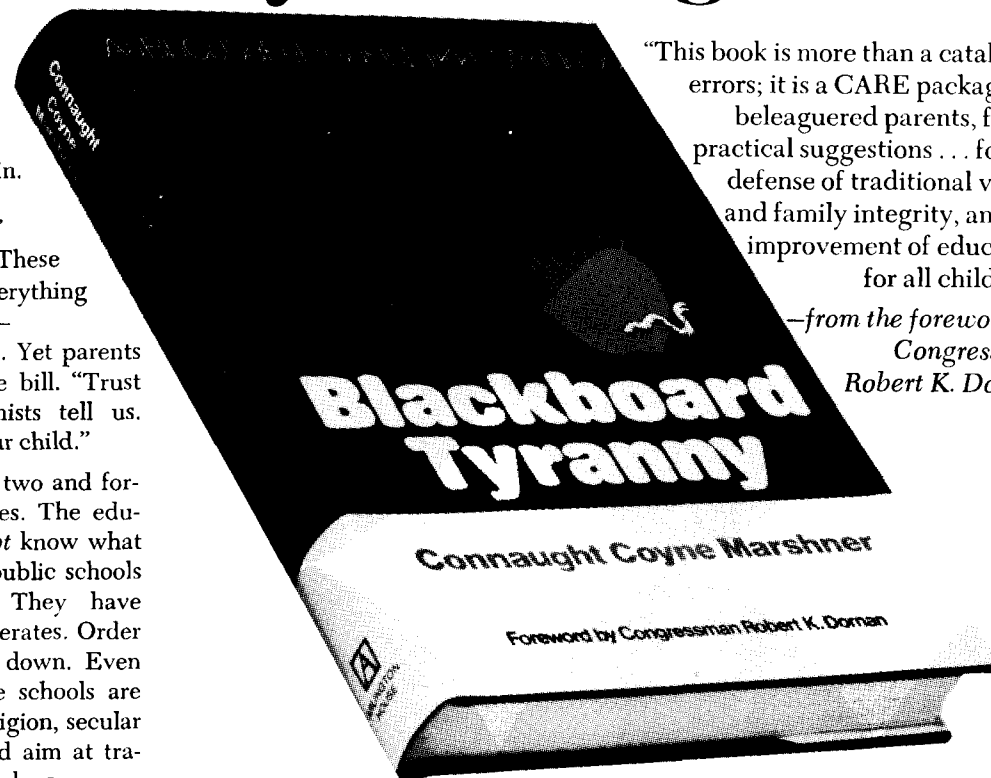
Prayer is out. Comic books and Mao are in. Is it any wonder parents are upset about the "education" their children are getting? These days the schools teach everything from TM to barnyard sex—everything *except* the basics. Yet parents are still expected to foot the bill. "Trust the experts," the educationists tell us. "We know what's best for your child."

Mrs. Marshner, mother of two and former teacher herself, disagrees. The education establishment does *not* know what is best for your child. The public schools have bungled their job. They have spawned a generation of illiterates. Order and discipline have broken down. Even worse, in the long run: the schools are pushing a new man-made religion, secular humanism, which takes dead aim at traditional religious and moral values.

The education establishment is powerful. It fears reform, and fights it. But concerned parents can break this tyranny. For parents who must contend with the public system, Mrs. Marshner has an armful of practical advice. How to get *action* from teachers, administrators, school boards, and legislatures. How to organize an effective parents' lobby—and keep it humming. Vital lessons to be gleaned from the West Virginia textbook battle. And, beyond the present system, Mrs. Marshner delves into the voucher plan, "alternative" public schools, early exit, and other hopeful prospects.

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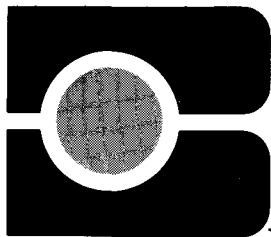
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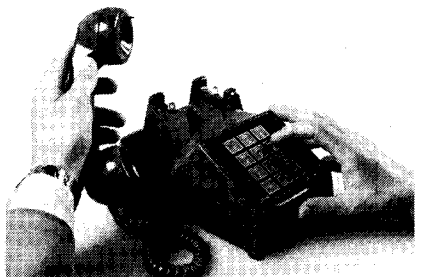


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Actually, I think he is to be commended in 1978 for having the courage to break the liberals' silence on Cambodia. But he is mistaken again for wanting a UN-oriented rescue force to do the job. By the time the vestal virgins of the East River get around to organizing anything, there won't be any more Cambodians to kill. A better alternative would be a covert CIA destabilizing operation, if they can manage somehow to penetrate the ossified Cambodian nation and disrupt its government from within. Would Senator McGovern or Senator Church approve of that? Maybe.

But, if there is really a "Philby" in the CIA (as *NR* and, more recently, *Newsweek* and some major newspapers have suggested), then the plan would be impossible to bring off. Maybe Senator McGovern should engage in some "McCarthyism" so that Soviet agents in the U.S. government can be exposed, and so that the CIA can then proceed to save his favorite country.

*D. Milligan
Chicago, Ill.*

The Holy And the Unholy

Concerning your perceptive paragraph ["The Week," Sept. 1] on the World Council of Churches' financial grant to the Rhodesian terrorists: There is, so far as I know, only one Orthodox jurisdiction, the Russian Synod Outside of Russia (also known as the Russian Synod Abroad), which has always recognized the WCC for what it is. The Synod has never joined the WCC and has in the course of time severed communion with those nominal Orthodox who support that unholy assembly. In addition, the Synod is evidently alone among the "Orthodox" in seeing what is obvious, i.e., that the Soviet Patriarch is not the true shepherd of the Russian faithful.

*William Bane
Boston, Mass.*

Russell Kirk's "The Federal Nursery" [Sept. 15] excellently exposes the danger of further federal control over state and county child-care centers—control which would also include Montessori schools.

Yes, Missouri narrowly escaped this control (in which not only HEW, but also NOW and NEA are interested), but one major group which helped stop the "child care" bill in Missouri is Citizens for Educational Freedom, a group formed eighteen years ago by a dedicated couple, Mal and Martin Duggan. Though the group has achieved national recognition, it is the St. Louis Duggans who have initiated and kept this group alive—through faith in their cause, and on a financial shoe string.

*Mary Lawrence Riley, VHM
St. Louis, Mo.*



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ideas that help people. ITT**

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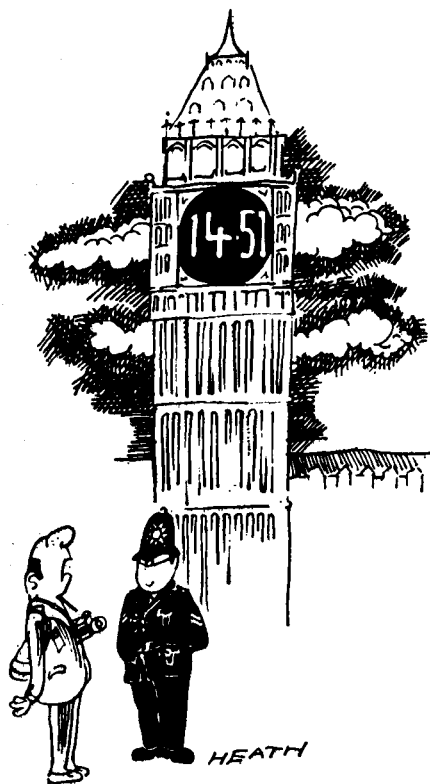
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Carter's plan to whip inflation now got more support from **Jacob Javits** than it did from a lukewarm Majority Leader **Tip O'Neill**, who promised his support but wouldn't say whether he agreed with Carter's prescription for voluntary wage-price controls. . . . **ABC-Harris** survey, on eve of Carter speech, showed that while those polled favored wage-price guidelines, 73 to 19 per cent, they didn't think they would work. . . . Democratic Party leaders question the wisdom of making such a speech just two weeks before Election Day. "There is no question that it is a major issue but now people are blaming one side or the other," a Democratic official told the *Washington Post* a few days prior to the speech. **Bill Brock**, Republican National Chairman, has made it clear that from now until November 7, GOP will try to pin inflation on Democratic donkey. Suspicion among Democrats is that Carter is willing to take a few defeats in 1978 in order to get ground-work laid for 1980.

■ O'Neill's Massachusetts colleague, **Ted Kennedy**, continues to test Carter. Kennedy has called the \$18.7-billion tax cut passed by Congress "the worst tax legislation approved by Congress since the days of **Calvin Coolidge** and **Andrew Mellon**" and wants Carter to follow in the steps of **FDR** and **HST**, both of whom vetoed major tax legislation. Though tax bill is being labeled a boon to the special interests, *National Journal* notes that for most taxpayers the record cut "will not even offset the combined impact of inflation and social security tax increases" . . . **Kemp-Roth**, killed in House-Senate conference committee, will be back next year. Sen. **Sam Nunn** (D., Ga.), one of the sponsors of the bipartisan "Son of Kemp-Roth," says the people are "go-



Heath, *Punch*

"I just don't think it looks so dignified."

Rothco

ing to demand that this amendment, at some point, become law." . . . 1978 could be both year of conservatives and year of Democrats. In *Christian Science Monitor* interview, political analyst **Seymour Martin Lipset** says Democrats, not Republicans, are capitalizing on tax-revolt fever. The Democratic net now sweeps so wide, says Lipset, that a Democratic primary produces a candidate who more accurately reflects public mood, as in Massachusetts, where conservative Democrat **Ed King** beat Gov. **Dukakis** in recent primary. September 30 *New Right Report* devotes two pages to races all across country where Democrats, riding conservative issues, are ahead of their less conservative Republican opponents.

■ Administration is pulling out all the stops to win approval of **SALT II** treaty, which Moscow has informed the Administration is a "necessary precondition" to improved relations between U.S. and USSR. Treaty, as yet incomplete, will probably be ready by January, where its first stop will be **Senate Foreign Relations Committee**, under its new chairman, **Frank Church**, a treaty fan. Administration's SALT-selling job, according to official quoted in *Aviation Week*, "would make fast-talking salesmen pale." Defense officials, meanwhile, fear that Carter is moving country from strategic weapons triad—ICBMs, bombers, and submarine-launched cruise missiles—to a diad of bombers and SLBMs. . . . Cubans, Si; Yankees, Non! **Castro** thinks a team of Cuban all-stars could beat the New York Yankees. Baseball commissioner **Bowie Kuhn** is interested in a game. . . . U.S. press considered it a failure, but **Ian Smith** returned from his American tour with good news for his countrymen, telling them that the trip was "very worthwhile" and that he had "made a breakthrough." America, he said, had replaced Britain in the driver's seat. . . . Annual meeting in Dublin of Provisional Sinn Fein, legal political wing of Provisional IRA, received messages of support from **Joshua Nkomo's** Zimbabwe African People's Union and the South West Africa People's Organization. Those addressing the conference included Trotskyist **Michael Raftis**, who took control of the Fourth International after Trotsky's assassination.

■ U.S. is catching up to the Russians. According to HEW Secretary **Califano**, U.S. is now third in the world in per capita consumption of alcohol, behind only second-place Finland and first-place Russia.

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THE WEEK

■ Andrew Young accused the United Nations of sexism. Andrew Young sexed the United Nations of accusism. The United Sex accused Andrew Young of nationalism. The United ismism accused Andrew Young Nation of sex. The Andrew accused used the United Nations of youngism. Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? (That's a Latinism.)

■ The Congress has, as usual, covered itself with guano in writing the new tax bill. Given a chance to grant genuine relief through the Kemp-Roth tax-cut proposal, the Democrats first complained that it would bloat the deficit unless it were allied with cuts in spending; then, given precisely a bill to ally tax cuts with spending cuts, tore it to shreds and came up with the present chaos, compounded of equal parts chicanery and negligence, parading as a tax cut, and actually destined to raise taxes by about \$16 billion next year. In many cases the bill will actually raise the tax rate on capital gains. In almost all cases it will raise the taxes on individuals, mainly because the so-called cut is too small to offset the already scheduled rise in Social Security taxes. But one major group will escape that problem handily because they have arranged to have their own retirement program: members of Congress and the Executive branch.

■ Mr. Carter's message on inflation was a predictable disaster. By concentrating on wages and ignoring the increase in the money supply, he engaged in propaganda on a truly Maoist scale. And if wages cause inflation, why single out only the "organized" wage-earners? Why refuse to protect the more productive (higher-income) workers as well as the middling ones from the ravages of inflation? Why no mention of the concealed tax as wages rise? And then there are the impossible procedural requirements of measuring "productivity increases"—a loophole through which you could drive George Meany's limousine. And the unexpressed premise that a \$30-billion deficit is austere. The presumption that a 5.75% rise in the price level is a desirable and prudent target. Worst of all, Carter's scheme would add millions of people to the rolls of those receiving direct handouts from the Treasury; it might be just enough to make the moochers outnumber the moochees. That would be the end of the game—and the start of the revolution.

■ The post-Jarvis morality is visible in the trend of forecasts about the fiscal 1979 federal budget. A year ago the Carter boys were guessing the fiscal 1979 deficit

would be about \$61 billion and would, of course, be good for the country. Then came June 6 and the California vote for Proposition 13 and, lo, the OMB had mid-session second thoughts and came up with a forecast of a deficit of only \$48 billion. Most recently the second congressional resolution has knocked that figure down to \$39 billion. The trend is in the right direction; especially in that more than half of the progress comes from reduced expenditures.

■ The CIA has told Harvard to soak its head, which is about as belligerent as the CIA can get these days. Last summer, Harvard president Derek Bok complained that the covert recruiting of Harvard students threatened "the integrity and independence of the academic community." Open recruiting, said Bok, was okay; but now CIA Director Stansfield Turner says the CIA will recruit as it always has: "Harvard does not have any legal authority over us." Turner's response strikes us as unnecessarily rigid. As a compromise, the CIA should disguise itself as a singing group: Sign-up lists could be posted in the Fox Club, say, or Widener Library. There would be auditions, rushes, and singing-in parties for new members. As an extra refinement, those specializing in the Soviet Union would be taught "Borodino." *Ska-zhika, d'ad'a, v'ed' n' edarom. . !*

■ In recent weeks, several of the nation's most prestigious and learned economists have devoted massive cerebration to the problem of inflation, and have made profound and innovative policy recommendations. For instance, Professor Lester Thurow, a distinguished economist at MIT, advises: "To get a significant improvement in the inflation rate, the U.S. needs some good luck." Professor Walter W. Heller, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, favors a simple but elegant approach: "What we need is a 'muddle through' policy." Are you buying enough Krugerrands?

■ Mr. Carter has signed the airline deregulation bill, complying with instructions Milton Friedman has been issuing for thirty years, and has called for the liberation of other industries from the hand of the bureaucrat. This is marvelous news. Now how about applying this principle to the rest of the U.S. economy?

■ Cuban philanthropist F. Castro has uncaged 46 former political prisoners, allowing them and 33 of their relatives to come to Miami. "I think it's an important victory for human rights and prisoners of conscience," said Monsignor Bryan Walsh of Miami's Catholic Service Bureau. Wish we could agree. Castro can afford a few cosmetic manumissions. As long as he rules Cuba and helps colonize Africa, human rights and conscience will go on suffering day-to-day losses.

■ DIED: Thich Thien-minh, spiritual leader of the United

Energy solutions and nonstarters • Where a government role is needed • Accent on achievement

Is there a role for government in the energy business, or should the government just stand aside and leave it to the energy companies?

Of course there's a role for government—an important, affirmative role. An essential role. That's just the point: The government seems incapable of comprehending what role it should play and how it should play it.

Many of the country's energy problems today stem from government's inaction in critical spheres at crucial times in the past. As a result, some of our present problems are soluble only if the federal government plays a stronger role—of the right sort.

As we have said over and over during the past seven or eight years, what is essential is a comprehensive national energy policy, to set goals and to create the parameters and establish a climate within which the private sector can operate efficiently.

- Only government can set forth national goals and work out the necessary compromises to reconcile conflicting regional and other interests and to recognize the natural priorities among various energy sources.
- Only government can develop the ground rules under which private industry must work.
- Only government can formulate a national policy on environmental trade-offs that will strike a sensible and workable balance between unacceptable environmental risks and unacceptable economic risks.
- Only government can hammer out the sort of balanced policy that does not permit extremist approaches to environmental protection to delay for years progress toward achievement of national goals on energy.

It seems to us that the policy formulated by the government should, among other things, recognize the need for reasoned and balanced economic growth to create jobs for a growing population and to enable more and more disadvantaged Americans to attain a higher standard of living.

Having struck a reasonable and rational balance on fundamentals, the nation should then, we believe, develop a timetable with quantified goals for such component elements as crude oil, natural gas, coal, and nuclear power, liquefaction and gasification of coal, oil from shale, and, in a longer time frame, energy from more exotic sources. In our view, this should not be a finely detailed blueprint,

but rather a clear and unequivocal statement of basic energy goals. The primary goal should be greater energy self-sufficiency.

For at least the rest of this century, conventional oil and natural gas seem certain to remain our primary energy sources, and the only other two major sources on which we can count with any certainty are coal and nuclear power. In the real world, there is no feasible alternative in this time frame.

It seems to us that joint industry-government task forces are essential to make sure no important piece is omitted from this extraordinarily complex jigsaw puzzle. Prohibiting the participation of people with firsthand knowledge of the energy business and with years of experience in it can only produce the sort of Rube Goldberg energy program that has been debated on Capitol Hill the past 18 months or more.

The United States has the resource base, the work force, the technical skills, the management, and the organization to meet its future energy needs. Given realistic policies, including minimal regulation of the marketplace, industry can probably raise the huge amounts of capital required. In the last analysis, however, it will be the rate of return on capital—that is to say, the profitability—of the energy industries that will determine how much gets done.

We recognize the burden that higher-priced energy places on the economically deprived. To the extent that there is a serious adverse impact on the poor, government should deal with it directly—by subsidy to them if necessary—rather than by a general distortion of fuel prices. Arbitrary controls that delay the development of additional supplies will only aggravate the problems of the poor.

Unless we assure ourselves of the energy required to sustain the well-being of the American people, no arms or armament can assure the nation's security, nor can social programs of whatever sort assure its stability.

The question of whether there is a role for government in this answers itself: There is an essential, affirmative role for government—a role that, unfortunately, the government still seems unable to comprehend or unwilling to play. And this is the crux of America's energy problems.

For reprints of this seven-part series, write Mobil, Box T, 150 East 42 Street, New York, New York 10017.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In the current issue of *Esquire* magazine there's a story about Jack Kemp. Tucked far back in the story are a few paragraphs about The Rumor. In our estimate, those few paragraphs demonstrate that Jack Kemp is a man of courage. We always knew he was a man of talent.

Here's the background. Since the early Sixties, the story has kicked around political circles that Jack Kemp is, or at least was, a homosexual. The story would come around every few years, usually in the wake of a Kemp political boomlet. And the dirty little story had real impact. In this town a rumor is more widely believed than a factual report. (We're completing the lab work, but it has something to do with the physical law that when something becomes well known, it must, at least by the cognoscenti, be disbelieved.)

We started tracking the rumor-spreaders to the undersides of their respective rocks and concluded—definitively—that there was no basis to the charge against Kemp. But then what? When you're dealing with a rugged ex-jock who turns women to yogurt, you don't rush into print with the announcement that "Jack Kemp is not a homosexual." Such statements can knit the brows of even the most indulgent editors.

So, we waited, a bit uncomfortably. Waiting for that October when Jack Kemp would be going for a big prize—a Senate seat, or the Vice Presidency or, who knows, even the White House itself. And then, in the confusion and panic of ninth-inning politics, when intelligent rebuttal would be out of the question, some desperate opponent would go public with The Rumor.

Happily, that won't happen in this election year or in any other. For Jack Kemp has raised the issue himself, and a responsible reporter, Martin Tolchin, has looked into the rumor and dismissed it. From now on, anyone who wants to touch that issue is likely to get his hand blown off. Score one for the good guys.

■ We have to admit it. There are times when the bureaucracy can fit the words to the music. Take the plan to construct a capital memorial to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. A proposal for same first surfaced some years ago, a wild lapidarian contraption, an instant Stonehenge. It was tabled; too bizarre. Then came the idea for an FDR rose garden. It was rejected; too modest. Now comes the FDR garden wall, a "meandering, 14-foot-high wall with waterfalls, pools, and fountains" surrounding a "theater, interpretive center, and café." Initially designed to run 1,400 feet and cost \$20 million, it is already down to 1,000 feet and up to \$46 million.

Before Congress could be led down the FDR garden path, of course, an Environmental Impact Statement was required. After countless bureaucratic seat-miles, said document has been duly filed. Everything's okay, thank God. No matter that the FDR wall will cost more to maintain than any other capital monument. Its electric bill alone will run \$400,000 a year, or more than 400 per cent higher than that of any other monument. And of course it will require more staff. The Roosevelt memorial will need a full-time staff of 44, compared to 22 for the Jefferson Memorial, 25 for the Lincoln Memorial and 31 for the Washington Monument. FDR would have loved it.

■ Memo to Taxpayers: When Jimmy Carter and the Congress come a-callin' to deliver the new tax cut, count the silverware. According to Cato's Off-the-Wall Poll, one of the most highly respected in the industry, nobody but Russell Long and his Merry Men really understands what's in the final bill. We reached 12 members of the Congress just adjourned: not a single one was willing to claim that he had ever seen, much less read, the final bill sent to the White House. For openers, a quick-cut analysis by the *Washington Post's* crack economics writer Art Pine suggests that 80 per cent of all Americans will find their federal tax bill increased as of January 1. —CATO

Buddhist Church of Vietnam; principal theoretician of the An-Quang pagoda in the Sixties; leader of the opposition to the government of President Diem; organizer of the campaign of self-immolation by Buddhist monks and nuns against the Diem regime that is credited with turning world opinion against Diem and his family. On May 1, 1975, the day after North Vietnamese troops marched into Saigon, Minh led the Buddhist delegation that proclaimed its loyalty to the new regime and urged all the faithful to rally to its side. Of unknown causes, in a North Vietnamese prison, on or about October 17, 1978.

■ When Saigon fell, Southeast Asia was finally rid of the Strangelovian American murderers, dealing death from the bellies of their B-52s. Now all that's left are the democratic socialist liberators, subduing reactionary elements with poison gas. Doctors treating Laotian refugees in Thailand report symptoms of chemical warfare, while a researcher by the name of Thomas Stearns has taped the eyewitness accounts of Hmong hill tribesmen

fleeing from central Laos. Xia Xa Yang, from the Phou Bia mountains fifty miles northeast of Vientiane, told Stearns that government troops had attacked the village of Nam Koke with rockets, which exploded in clouds of red, yellow, green, and white gas. "The people who sniffed the gas spun around, fainted, and later died. They vomited very much."

■ The Labor Department announces that a federal job-placement program cut public assistance payments by \$400 million last year. The program cost \$378 million to administer.

■ The Officials of Linn County, Iowa are trying to evict a college professor from his home in a 9 x 12-foot chicken coop, which they deem too small and lacking in adequate toilet facilities, a point that did not seem to trouble them while the premises were still occupied by chickens. Crowded Albert Ahern of the health board, "If we let everybody live the way they wanted to in a closed society, we'd have many variations, and many of

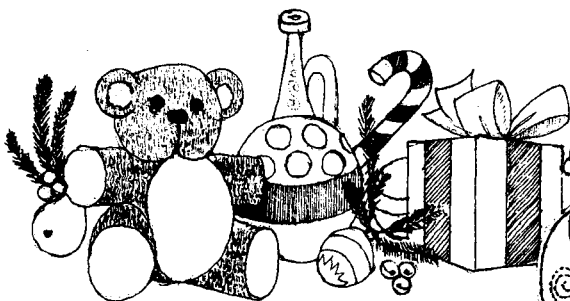
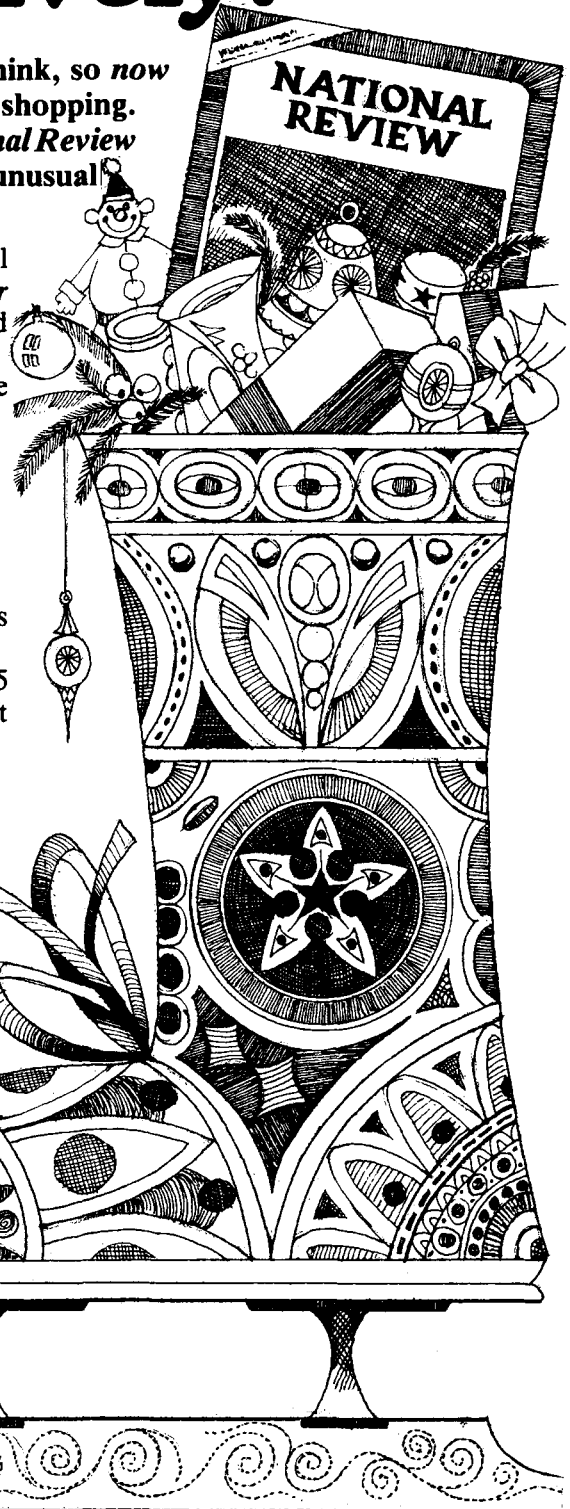
This Year Solve Your Gift-Giving Problems Quickly and Inexpensively!

The Holiday Season is (as always!) closer than you think, so *now* is the perfect time to get an early start on your Christmas shopping. And this year there are more reasons than ever why *National Review* makes an ideal gift (especially for the hard-to-please or unusual people on your list).

First of all, this year's gift subscriptions are priced at a special bargain rate — one we will almost certainly *never be able to offer again!* Then of course, giving NR is a fast, uncomplicated, and *sure* way of pleasing almost anyone on your list, particularly those long-distance friends and relatives (we take care of all the handling and mailing for you). It's also an impressive way of expressing your Christmas greetings to business associates (what other magazine is more appropriate?) and a most welcome gift to any student you care about. In addition, it's a present that lasts all year, a recurring reminder of your thoughtfulness.

So why not make some people you know happy this Christmas with an NR gift subscription? The special price, provided you are a subscriber, is just \$14.95 for a full year (that's a big \$4.05 saving over the regular rate!) Further, it applies to as many gift subscriptions as you wish to give. And ordering is as easy as taking a moment now to fill out the handy postpaid card opposite this page and mailing it back to us.

The important thing is to *act now* and avoid that perennial last-minute rush. The card provides space for two gifts; if you want to send more, simply add the names on your own stationery. We will acknowledge all gifts (in plenty of time for Christmas if you act now) via a handsome gift card in your name. These low rates are in effect until Christmas only, so please mail the card opposite this page, today. Many thanks, and an early Merry Christmas to you.



them would be undesirable." As between living in a closed society or a chicken coop, we'd give Mr. Ahern the bird.

■ It is revealed that military hospitals in one Western city alone are spending some \$6 million a year on face lifts, flab removals, breast implants, and other cosmetic surgery to help servicemen's wives look their best at taxpayer expense.

■ We welcome to nationhood Tuvalu, which consists of eight Pacific islands, and is, after Nauru, the second smallest member of the world community. Princess Margaret came down with a fever and was unable to attend the independence ceremonies, the band forgot to play the British national anthem, it rained, and if you're looking for an embassy job, inquire in the capital city of Funafuti.

■ Anglican vicars are organizing for higher pay and greater job security. One hundred have joined the Association of Scientific, Technical, and Managerial Staffs, a white-collar union (of course).

■ Let's hear it, everybody: three oinks for the UN! UNESCO has framed, and the General Assembly will soon adopt, a Declaration of the Universal Rights of Animals. "All animals," it proclaims, "are born with an equal claim on life and the same rights to existence." What's more, "any act involving mass killing of wild animals is genocide." Sheer self-protection by the Third World delegates, we say.

November 7: People & Issues

Some races and votes that will prove of interest to conservatives on the first Tuesday after the first Monday. *The Senate:* The most important race by all odds is in New Jersey where **Jeff Bell**, a representative of the new hard-hitting, well-informed younger echelon of GOP leaders (**Kemp-Crane-Bell**), is still, at this writing, fighting an uphill battle against Democrat **Bill Bradley**. A little more money for a TV blitz could make the difference, but time is short. Win or lose, Bell's primary feat in knocking off Senator **Clifford Case** marked the end of the liberal Eastern GOP Establishment that had ruled the party well into the Sixties. Now, only the aging **Jacob Javits** remains. . . . In the South, the White House has made a big thing of knocking off three GOP "Old South" holdovers in favor of **Jimmy Carter**-like "New South" candidates. That campaign seems to be bombing. At the last count, **Strom Thurmond** (S.C.), 75, was running 2 to 1 ahead of young, dynamic, fortyish **Charles** (Pug) **Ravenal**; **Jesse Helms** (N.C.) was leading **John Ingram** (a bit closer here, but Helms is given the victory by most commentators), and **John Tower** (Tex.)—whose

political demise has been predicted every time he has run for re-election—is indeed battling for his life against Representative **Bob Krueger**, but still maintains a slim lead. . . . Will he or won't he? Will **Edward Brooke**, having knocked over conservative challenger **Avi Nelson**, but only just, make it all the way on November 7 against liberal Democratic Representative **Paul Tsongas**? No one's betting on it. . . . Up in Maine, Republican Representative **William L. Cohen**, who didn't endear himself with many conservatives for his actions on the House impeachment committee, could beat Democrat **William Hathaway**. He's leading now, and the potentially ruinous third-party challenge by conservative **Hayes Gahagan** seems to have petered out. . . . In New Hampshire, **Gordon Humphrey** is giving **Thomas McIntyre** a run for his money, but odds are on the Democratic incumbent. . . . Bad news in Virginia where **John Warner** (Mr. Liz Taylor) is not wowing them on the hustings, his problems with Democratic opponent **Arthur Miller** (who talks conservative) compounded by chronic tardiness, highhandedness, and a wife unaccustomed to a place in the shade. . . . For a while it looked as if Republican **Roger Jepsen** might upset **Dick Clark**, possibly the most liberal senator of them all (**Teddy Kennedy** included), in Iowa, but poor staff work and a bad choice of issues seems to have put the quietus on that. . . . Republicans might pick up one, or even two, seats in **Hubert Humphrey's** Minnesota where the Democratic machine (the Democratic-Farm-Labor Party) has come unglued. The DFL executive committee has so far refused to endorse conservative Democrat **Robert Short**, as has the Minnesota United Auto Workers and the party's women's caucus, despite arm-twisting by **Fritz Mondale**. That might mean a victory for Republican **David Durenberger**, and Minnesota's other Democratic senator, **Wendell Anderson**, is running behind Republican rival **Rudy Boschwitz**. (Wanta dream: how about a 96th Congress with Durenberger warming HHH's old Senate seat and Boschwitz occupying Fritz's?)

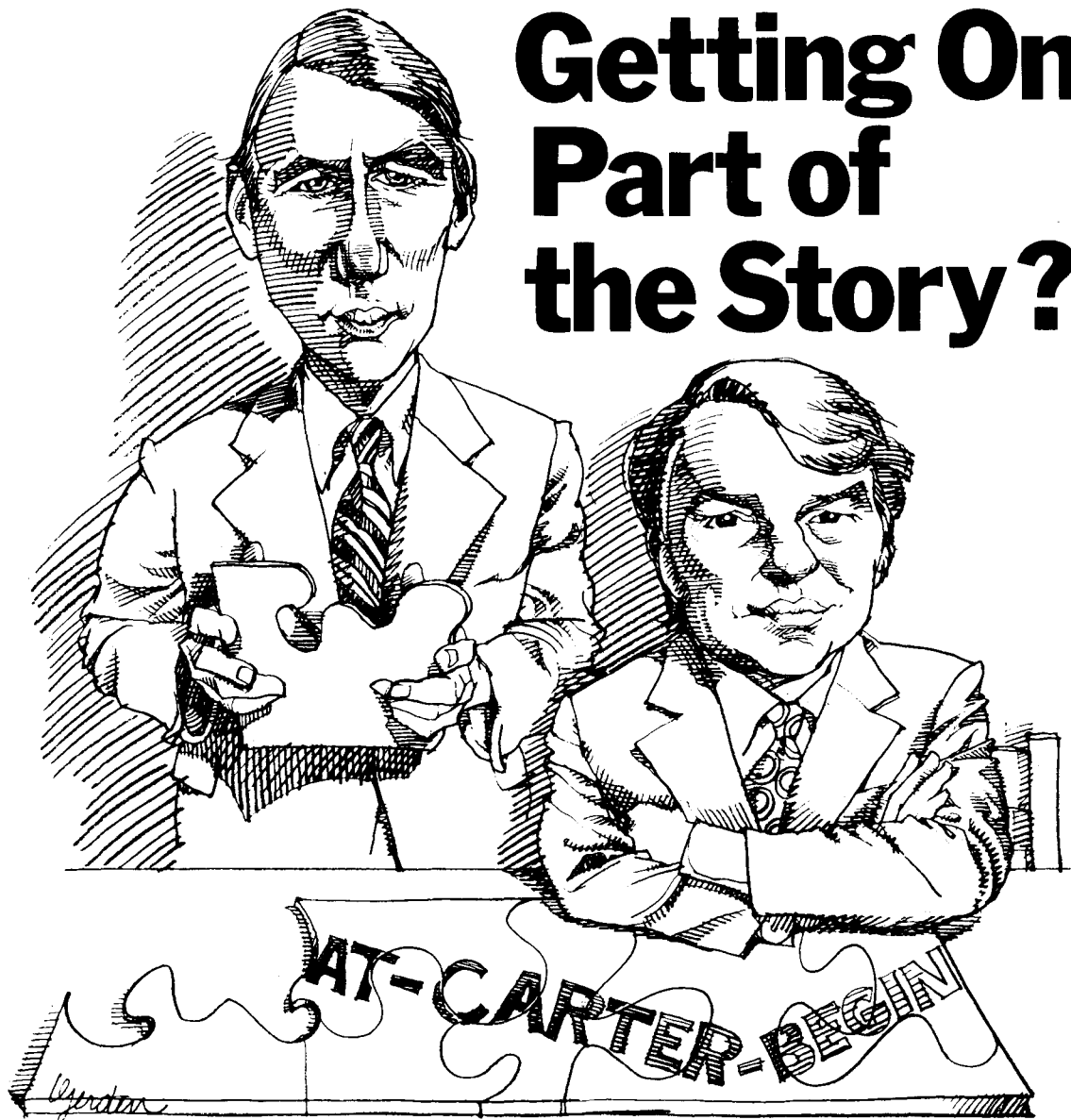
Governors: Way back when, last summer, they were talking of a possible Republican sweep. No one was safe: not **Hugh Carey** in New York, not **Ella Grasso** in Connecticut, not even **Jerry Brown** in California. Looking at it in mid-October, it will be a landslide in Cali-

Nostalgia

Give me a pope with a Borgia ring,
Wearing a triple crown.
Give me a pope who'll anoint a king,
Draped in a scarlet gown.
Give me a pope who will hurl a bull,
Rolling a dreadful eye.
Give me a pope with some worldly pull;
I'm an old-fashioned guy.

W. H. VON DREELE

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With Correspondent Charlayne Hunter-Gault

**WEEK NIGHTS ON PUBLIC TELEVISION STATIONS
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fornia for Brown, with all that holds for 1980; a moderate to sizable sweep for Ella Grasso; and a tight, down-to-the-wire run for Carey against Republican-Conservative **Perry Duryea**. . . . **Big Jim Thompson**, the once-white hope of Republican moderates, will win his Illinois gubernatorial re-election race, but not by the wide margins once predicted; **William Milliken**, in Michigan, got a scare and **James Rhodes**, Ohio, is teetering. On the plus side, Governor **Michael Dukakis** of Massachusetts was unexpectedly toppled by a Democratic conservative, **Edward King**, but if King loses that race it will be to a liberal Republican, **Frank Hatch**, about the only kind of Republican who does well in Massachusetts.

Other races and issues: Republican candidates **Charles Wiley** and **Chris Smith** have been beset by money problems in their tries to upset long-time Democratic incumbents **Edward Patten** and **Frank Thompson** in New Jersey's 15th and 4th CDs. . . . **Charles Diggs** has not withdrawn from his Michigan congressional race despite his conviction on various charges. . . . **Larry McDonald**, the Bircher whom Carter tried to purge in Georgia, and who had difficulty winning his runoff, appears to be running strong. . . . In New York's Silk Stocking District, **William Green** (he's the guy who knocked **Bella Abzug** out of political life) is in a rough battle with **Carter Burden**. . . . In Arizona, **Morris Udall** is in his tightest battle in ages. . . . Also watch for tax limitation initiatives and referenda on the ballot in states too numerous to list. . . . Finally, in Missouri, a right-to-work referendum is given a good chance of passing. If it does, it could spur renewed right-to-work activity in New England and in New Mexico.

Pope John Paul II

The College of Cardinals, having surprised the world with its dark-horse selection of Cardinal Luciani two months ago, has, in choosing Cardinal Wojtyla, astonished it. It is too early to say what his papacy will bring or mean, but his election inevitably implies several things.

Personally, he is a moderate within the conservative spectrum of the cardinalate. At Vatican II he spoke for religious liberty, a cause his situation as a Polish prelate gave him reason to appreciate. He has the reputation of a brilliant philosopher and a shrewd statesman. His courage under Nazi and Communist oppression has been, quite simply, heroic.

The heroism is more than personal. The idea of a Communion of Saints is profoundly social: a sharing of grace, mutual correction, encouragement, and inspiration, every individual enhanced by his membership in the whole. If a whole nation can exemplify it, then one nation above all others has done so. That nation is Poland.

World War II was precipitated by the barbarian attack on Poland, and the war ended with its conquest by the surviving power in the barbarian partnership. Woj-

tyla was coming to manhood in those years, and the first years of his priesthood were devoted to saving Jewish and other lives at hazard of his own. Later, the nation annexed to the sprawling empire of Stalin and his heirs, he rose to the leadership of a church that uniquely managed to hold on and even flourish.

The peoples of the Communist-ruled nations are the subjects of a new system of serfdom. They are not, of course, the personal property of any overlord: but it comes, in the end, to much the same thing. They have no legal rights against the state, their wages and terms of employment are dictated, and they are summarily shot for trying to escape. The Communist ruling class virtually owns the laboring class—an ironic reversal of Marx.

Only in Poland have the new serfs found an institution strong enough to defend their rights and interests. That institution is the Catholic Church, and Poles have shown it a phenomenal loyalty. But until now they have been the forgotten men of Europe, while American leadership, such as it is, has chirped that Poland is not Soviet-dominated, that it meets our ideals of freedom, etc.

Wojtyla's selection is not only a personal honor but an homage to his countrymen and a recognition of their plight. It may also mean that the Church sees its future in something like the Polish condition: Communist power is still expanding, and the secular West lacks the resources of spirit to resist. If liberalism crumbles, more than one nation may need a Wojtyla.

At the same time, the papacy of John Paul II may help prevent the satellization of the West; may prevent it, in fact, by opening up a huge fault along the Western edge of the Soviet empire, where Catholicism still has immeasurable latent power. That a Pope can emerge from the captive nations is as inspiring a fact as that a Solzhenitsyn can emerge from the Gulag Archipelago.

John Paul II's accession coincides nicely with a more earthy clue to Soviet weakness. Chairman Hua Kuo-feng has lately touched base at the vulnerable southwestern points of the Soviet border: Iran, Rumania, Yugoslavia. The lights must be burning late in the Kremlin.

Leaks and Counter-Leaks

For six months the SALT II Treaty has been a blurred mirage, hovering just beyond the horizon. Secretary of State Vance gave the customary sort of comment at the end of his latest mission to Moscow: Our [SALT] discussions were "useful and constructive" (translation: once more we failed to reach an agreement). The real SALT issue—whether the U.S. Senate can be persuaded to ratify the treaty that will sometime or other, and perhaps not long after the elections, be sent to it by the President—has meanwhile been fought by battalions of leaks and counter-leaks. These leakage skirmishes have

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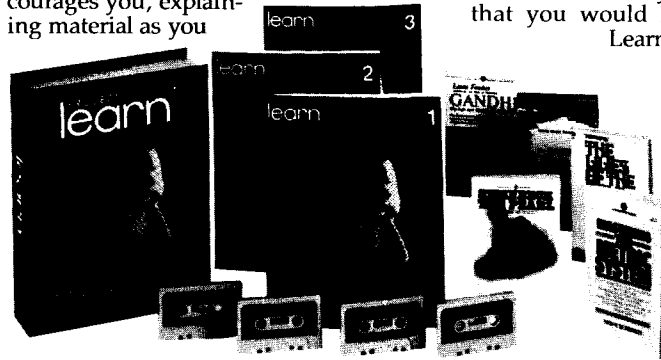
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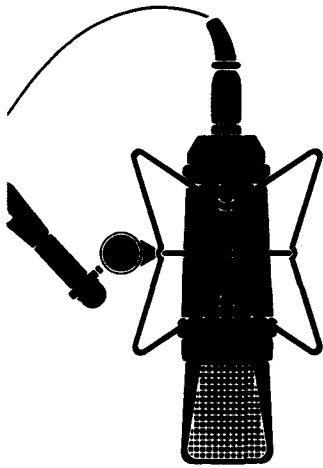
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not been without effect on the treaty text; they have been, in fact, part of the process of negotiation, and have on net probably hardened, somewhat at least, the positions of the official U.S. negotiators.

There have been a number of signs that the Administration, having learned a good deal about public qualms concerning the new SALT, has begun special preparations for what could be its early arrival in the Senate. Prime among these preparations was the well publicized firing of chief negotiator Paul Warnke. Warnke, rightly or wrongly, had become the prime target of SALT critics. The White House hopes that getting rid of him, before the text is finished and before the Senate starts debate, will soften some of those now calling for his scalp. This shuffle has been accompanied by public revelation of the fact, known all along by those who follow such matters closely, that Carter has not shut down the neutron bomb project, but is going ahead with production of the various components, which together constitute these enhanced radiation warheads. The cruise missile, also, has been trotted out, though in its case somewhat ambiguously. It seems, according to the latest reports and leaks, that the sea- and land-based missiles may be held back from deployment, but that the cruise missiles designed for launching from an aircraft and now nearing their final development stages, will be deployed, and may escape subjection to the 1,500-mile range limit that past leaks said had been demanded by Moscow.

At the least, the text, when it at last materializes, ought to keep the Senate awake for a good many weeks. It does not seem likely, though, that many senatorial minds are going to be changed merely by finding out what the treaty actually says.

Come On In, Folks

China, these days, is behaving more like a frisky young lamb than a surly old dragon. Chinese political, military, financial, and industrial leaders are gamboling over the globe like a flock of Henry Kissingers. Chairman Hua Kuo-feng himself has shown up as far away as Rumania and Yugoslavia. Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping (believed by some Sinologists to be the real boss) and Foreign Minister Huang have been all over the global lot. In today's diplomatic league, such mobility raises no eyebrows, but China, imperial or Communist, never joined the league. In China's more than three thousand years of recorded history, no Chinese chief of state or head of government had ever traveled as far West as Chairman and Premier Hua did a few months ago.

Pre-Communist China conceived itself as the "Middle Kingdom"—earth's central focus, to which outsiders came to bring tribute or seek favors, and from which none of its own inhabitants had any motive to journey. Maoist China kept both exits and entrances closed. Against that historical background the revolutionary scope of the post-Mao turn is strikingly evident.

Rhodesia Strikes Again

Predictably, our government
(That's Carter, Vance, and Young)
Is bellowing at Ian Smith
From its collective lung.
If this progressive trio lived
When Injuns roamed the land,
You know whom they'd have rooted for
As Custer made his stand.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Chinese political leaders are breaking a path for scores of practical missions: to negotiate with France for \$700 million' worth of missiles; with Britain for Harrier VTOLS, jump jets that could make effective use of the mostly primitive airfields along the Siberian border; with the U.S. for development of on- and off-shore oil; with West Germany for chemical plants.

In the reverse direction, thousands of officials, industrialists, soldiers, scientists, and technicians are arriving. During the first six months of this year, they came from almost every nation on earth, except the Soviet bloc—and even from Rumania within the bloc. Dozens of these missions have been led by chiefs of state or heads of government—President Giscard d'Estaing and French Premier Barre among them, and a few day ago Mexican President Portillo.

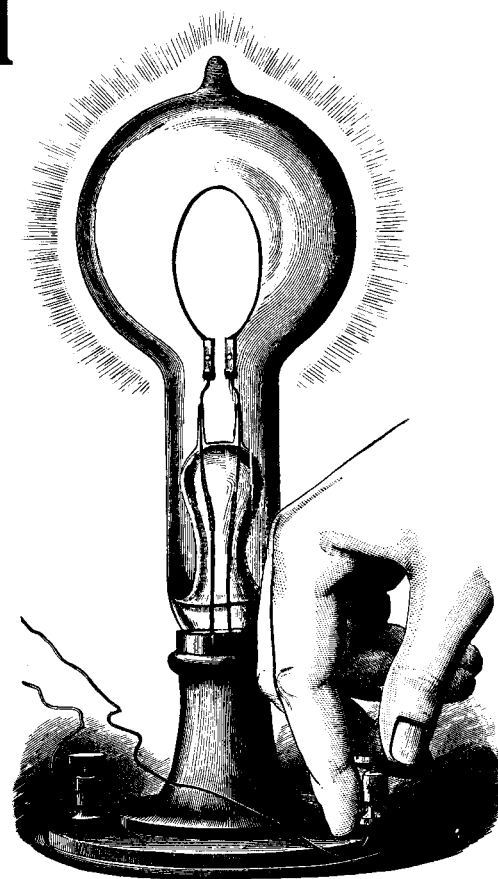
During the past few months there have been three new developments of major importance. There is, first, the signing of the treaty with Japan, the other great power in the Western Pacific, and China's bitter enemy throughout this century and often in the further past. Second, there is what seems to be a Taiwan peace offensive. At an August conference in Tokyo on high-energy physics, Mainland Chinese physicists sat down with Taiwan physicists—the first occasion when Peking representatives of any sort have joined in any sort of meeting that included Taiwan representatives. Third, and for the longer run perhaps the most significant, there is the launching of an ambitious student exchange program between China and the major Western countries.

On the Western side this exchange program will be carried out in part directly through the government, but also, and probably on a larger scale, through the academic institutions. The U.S.-China program will begin early next year with an expected sixty or seventy Americans (mostly graduate scholars) going to China and as many as six hundred or more Chinese students enrolling at U.S. universities. Hundreds more U.S. students are expected to go to China through non-governmental routes. According to the accounts of the exchange program, the Chinese students here and in Western Europe are to dress, live, and study after the fashion of the host countries.

The Peking turn has been so sudden and so sharp,

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Public futures trading bringing in speculative as well as commercial interests to a worldwide open auction market greatly increases competition. Competition increases efficiency. Efficiency helps to reduce prices, increase profits for the efficient and provide abundance for all. That almost sounds like magic and, in a sense, it is. It's something a Marxist would never understand—the magic of free enterprise being allowed to work.

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outwardly at least, that no analysts are confident that they understand its long-range implications. In its August 19 issue, the prestigious *Economist* (London) raised a set of questions that may have occurred to other analysts, though not, by the signs, to many Western politicians or businessmen:

"Do you really want to help create a modern, industrialized China of maybe 1.5 billion people, quite a lot of them presumably modern, industrious soldiers, sailors, and missilemen, by the year 2000? The aim of Chairman Hua's history-making visit to Rumania and Yugoslavia . . . is not just to assist in the containment of Soviet 'hegemonism'. . . . There is a second, unspoken aim behind Chairman Hua's foreign policy; by snuggling up to the West, to get the West's indispensable technological help in building the modernized China that is the Hua government's biggest end-of-the-century dream.

"It is not unreasonable for the non-Chinese three-quarters of the world to wonder what the Chinese quarter, thus modernized, would mean for it. . . ."

Such wonder is surely legitimate. *The Economist* itself believes that there are adequate answers to such questions—reviving as they do the perennial vision of the Yellow Peril—to justify increasing collaboration with China in the present period. Its article concludes:

"A lot of Western newspapers, including this one, have been receiving from Moscow, and publishing, polished and well-argued letters, nominally from ordinary Soviet citizens, warning the West against helping China. The arguments these letters use are the scare-story this article began with. They are a measure of the Soviet government's dislike both of the possibility of an economically stronger China and of post-Mao China's willingness to cooperate with the West. They are the best arguments for continuing, with due caution, that cooperation."

Geopolitical ABCs

"Prince Sihanouk speaks publicly for Cambodian regime." Radio Phnom Penh. "Cambodian insurgents revolt in three provinces." Radio Hanoi. Now watch closely. This is the same Sihanouk who, as head of Cambodia, professed hatred of the Khmer Rouge Communists and sought to use Hanoi's support to offset them; the same Sihanouk whose fear of his powerful Vietnamese neighbor led him to abominate South Vietnam and its American mentor while he virtually turned over several Cambodian provinces to Hanoi for infiltration toward Saigon. The first rule of geopolitics is to divide one's enemies if possible. This would have led Sihanouk to support the U.S. and Saigon in order to keep his powerful neighbor partitioned. For reasons comprehensible only to his fevered brain he did the opposite. He now is reduced to supporting his ex-enemies, the Cam-

bodian Communists, against the total power of a united Vietnam, which is not only invading Cambodia but stimulating "insurgencies" in some of the very provinces Sihanouk winkingly allowed to be used against South Vietnam. Poetic justice is sometimes tragic.

But Sihanouk was not the only geopolitical neophyte. In 1961 Averell Harriman was promised by the Soviets that if Laos could be neutralized, Moscow would restrain Hanoi from using Laos against South Vietnam. On this premise, John Kennedy agreed to the Laos neutralization. Of course, the Soviets did not restrain Hanoi but armed it, and stood by while Hanoi used Laos (and Cambodia) to conquer South Vietnam. As Dean Rusk said, "When we tried to talk to the Soviets, they told us you have come to the wrong address. Nobody authorized us to negotiate. Go talk to Hanoi." Now, Hanoi's Deputy Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach, visiting the UN, has explained it to the press. Says he, "The Chinese held us back." Why? "To use our struggle in disrupting Soviet-American detente." The Chinese "held a stranglehold on supplies that were coming from Russia . . . They were advising us to leave President Thieu in power." There you have it. All along, the U.S. behaved as if the USSR could be used to restrain Hanoi and, indirectly, China; but in fact China was restraining Hanoi, and the Russians were pushing the North Vietnamese on to conquest. Geopolitical lesson: Know your enemy and don't hitch your wagon to this star.

Star Wars II

On June 30, 1908, in a remote and wooded area of central Siberia, an enormous explosion leveled trees over a 1,250-square-mile area. The explosion was followed by intense radiation and a cataclysmic fire.

A number of theories have been put forward to explain the explosion. A meteor? A collision between the earth and one of those spent and collapsed stars said to be the "black holes" in space?

None of the above, says leading Soviet astronomer Felix Zigel in a TASS interview. The explosion, known

Energizing with Jimmy

He specified a pin-stripe
With moderate lapels;
As for the pants, he made it clear:
No pleats, no flair, no bells.
The garment Congress tailored
Shows marks of the machine,
But Jimmy would have worn it if
It looked like Halloween.

W. H. VON DREELE

as the "Tunguska Mystery," resulted from a mishap involving an "extraterrestrial probe."

"The more we know of the Tunguska catastrophe," said Zigel, "the more confirmation we find of the fact that the unidentified flying object which exploded over the forest in 1908 was an extraterrestrial probe." He pointed out that scientists have determined that the object flew in an "enormous loop," first northward then westward, before crashing, behavior that appears to exclude a natural phenomenon.

Zigel says the explosion deposited a large quantity of zinc, bromine, sodium, iron, lead, and "other elements that are completely atypical of comet nuclei but are quite possible for artificial structures."

Zigel's apparently well-founded speculation has a heretical quality from the perspective of official Moscow. The newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, for example, called speculation about UFO's "flirtations with superstitions and religious impulses manipulated indirectly by the Pentagon."

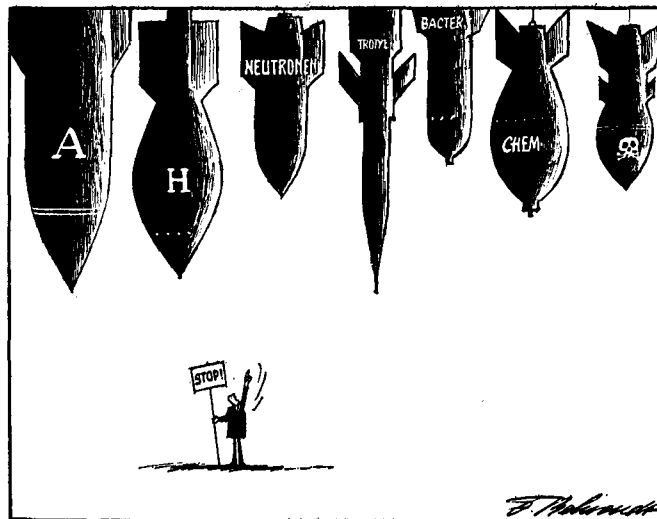
In a general way, moreover, the "Tunguska Mystery," and the possibility of its being an "extraterrestrial probe," fits in with a kind of late twentieth century "unraveling" of the common-sense view of experience that comes down to us from the previous two centuries. We have the Shroud of Turin. We have the recent view of leading astronomers that the universe *began* at one point in time—the so-called Big Bang Theory, and a theory with distinct metaphysical implications.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Everyone Loses

When asked who he thought was likely to win the Korchnoi-Karpov chess championship match, Russian chess player Anatoly Lein replied, "Fischer." Certainly the contest was no credit to the victor. Anatoly Karpov, the Soviet Union's finest, took 92 days to beat an over-the-hill opponent twenty years his senior, and lost three of the last five games. The matches reflected even less credit on his employers. The pressure to win was crushing—Karpov had, as TASS put it, a "duty to millions of people who were eagerly expecting his victory"—and as a result, he played a timid, unimaginative game.

Viktor Korchnoi faced pressures of his own, ranging from the presence of a bug-eyed Soviet hypnotist trying to psyche him out from the front rows, to the knowledge that his wife and children were still in the Soviet Union. Korchnoi defected in 1976, accusing the Soviet chess establishment of pushing him aside in favor of the young Karpov, who was being groomed to beat Fischer. The Soviets, it is now clear, wasted their effort; and if Fischer ever makes up with the International Chess Federation, Karpov's reign will be poor, nasty, brutish, and short.



Behrendt, *Het Parool*

Rothco

"That bomb is dangerous!"

Meanwhile, here's wishing the two Russians could play in a better world, and that Viktor Korchnoi may have his family restored to him.

Yale's Counterrevolution

Beginning sometime in the Progressive era of Teddy Roosevelt and the critique of monopoly capitalism, those organs of the Establishment, the older American academies, began increasingly to look toward Washington as an alternative focus of power. On through the Woodrow Wilson Presidency, the tropism toward Washington increased in its intellectual influence, becoming dominant in the days of the New Deal, and consolidating its intellectual and political power.

At the present time, a vast counter-shift is under way in American life. A quarter of a century ago, a book called *God and Man at Yale* argued that Yale, a private institution, was routinely liberal and collectivist, federal-treasury-oriented for the solution of a whole range of problems.

In his inaugural speech, the new president of Yale, A. Bartlett Giamatti, shockingly wrote a sort of final chapter of *God and Man at Yale*.

Predicting severe financial pressures on higher education in the decade ahead, Giamatti announced that "the government is not always the place to turn for help." He went on: "Such rescue, even if it were to occur, would only result in more regulation."

Obviously, experientially, true. But then some genuinely radical formulations from the new president of Yale:

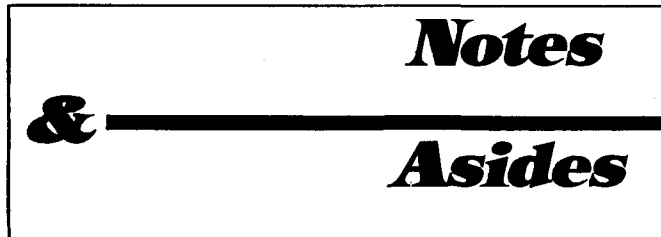
"Private educational institutions, however, must not only resist external interference. They must also realize something else, *perhaps for some as difficult* [italics added]. They must realize they are an integral part of

the private sector. And other portions of the private sector must come to this realization."

Then, the burying of the hatchet with private business. "The ancient ballet of mutual antagonism—at times so deeply satisfying—between private enterprise, on the one hand, and private education, on the other, is not to anyone's interest. . . . Yale, and places like Yale, must recognize their alliance with other private institutions. Such alliances must spring, if nothing else, from a perception that all portions of the private sector—voluntary, corporate, and educational—have a common goal in a pluralist society, of providing alternate solutions and systems to public ones."

The shock of recognition comes at last to the Ivy League, prime bastion, only yesterday, of the liberal Establishment. Giamatti knows, like Samuel Johnson, that when a man is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates the mind wonderfully. Yale, like many an enterprise in the private sector, is under tremendous pressure from the economic and political initiatives of government.

President Giamatti did not, surely could not in his inaugural address, face the revolutionary implications of his position. At stake are not only "ideas" about the public and private sectors, but concentrations of political and bureaucratic power. A great shift is surely coming. But there will be a crunch, and it will not be pretty, as structures are dismantled and entrenched power resists.



■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Herewith a copy of a letter I have sent to the Federal Trade Commission:

Dear Sirs:

I wish to file a complaint.

In a broadcast of the Merv Griffin television program shown in the San Luis Obispo area of California during the late afternoon, on or about August 4, 1978, someone "blipped" out the word "ass" in the sentence, "President Carter has made an ass of himself. . . ." The speaker was William F. Buckley Jr.

Context clearly indicates that the meaning of the word in question is "a vain, self-important, silly, or aggressively stupid person"—derived from the Latin *asinus*, rather than "the buttocks," "the anus," or "coitus"—*arse*, derived from the Old English *aers*.

It follows, therefore, that the elimination of the word "ass" from the audio portion of the broadcast

was not an attempt to excise a vulgarism, but rather was a politically motivated attempt to eliminate criticism of the President of the United States by a distinguished conservative.

The broadcaster impermissibly interfered with a constitutionally protected exercise of free speech, and I wish you to take such action as is necessary to stop and correct such violations of First Amendment liberties by federal licensees.

Yours very truly,
Thomas H. Davis, III
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Enterprisingly,
Tom Wendel
Department of History
San José State College, Calif.

A Striking Sun Dial

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Chuse an open Place in your Yard or Garden, on which the Sun may shine all Day without any Impediment from Trees or Buildings.

On the Ground mark out your Hour Lines, as for a horizontal Dial, according to Art, taking Room enough for the Guns. On the Line for One o'Clock, place one Gun; on the Two o'Clock Line two Guns, and so of the rest. The Guns must all be charged with Powder, but Ball is unnecessary. Your Gnomon or Style must have twelve burning Glasses annex'd to it, and be so placed that the Sun shining through the Glasses, one after the other, shall cause the Focus or burning Spot to fall on the Hour Line of One, for Example, at One a Clock, and there kindle a Train of Gunpowder that shall fire one Gun. At Two a clock, a Focus shall fall on the Hour Line of Two, and kindle another Train that shall discharge Two Guns successively: and so of the rest.

Note, There must be 78 Guns in all. Thirty-two Pounders will be best for this Use; but 18 Pounders may do, and will cost less, as well as use less Powder, for nine Pounds of Powder will do for one Charge of each eighteen Pounder, whereas the Thirty-two Pounders would require for each Gun 16 Pounds.

Note also, That the chief Expense will be the Powder, for the Cannon once bought, will, with Care, last 100 Years.

Note moreover, that there will be a great Saving of Powder in Cloudy Days.

Kind Reader, Methinks I hear thee say, That is indeed

a good Thing to know how the Time passes, but this Kind of Dial, notwithstanding the mentioned Savings, would be very Expensive; and the Cost greater than the Advantage, Thou art wise, my Friend, to be so considerate beforehand; some Fools would not have found out so much, till thay had made the Dial and try'd it. . . . Let all such learn that many a private and many a publick Project, are like this Striking Dial, great Cost for little Profit.

■ Dear Bill:

I have sad news to relate. You have again misused a word. This time you botched it with the word "surveil"—or, more accurately, "mail surveilling," as you termed it in your TV encounter with Senator Sam Ervin on 16 July (Philadelphia channel).

The word "surveil" does not exist in the English language, although the terms "surveillance" and "surveillant" do.

One may use "surveillant" as either a noun or adjective. As an example, one could say that a particularly surveillant observer evaluated Ms. Bella Abzug as a steatopygic woman.

Surveillance, on the other hand, is used strictly as a noun. Used thus, one might say that a surveillance of Ms. Abzug revealed that she tends to espouse the Communist viewpoint (a surveillant observer would say that she leans to the Left).

Under no circumstances, however, would any of the above usages result in the conclusion that she was calipygous.

Warmest regards,
Waino Remes
Springfield, Va.

■ Dear Bill:

Bella Abzug was here for a speech.

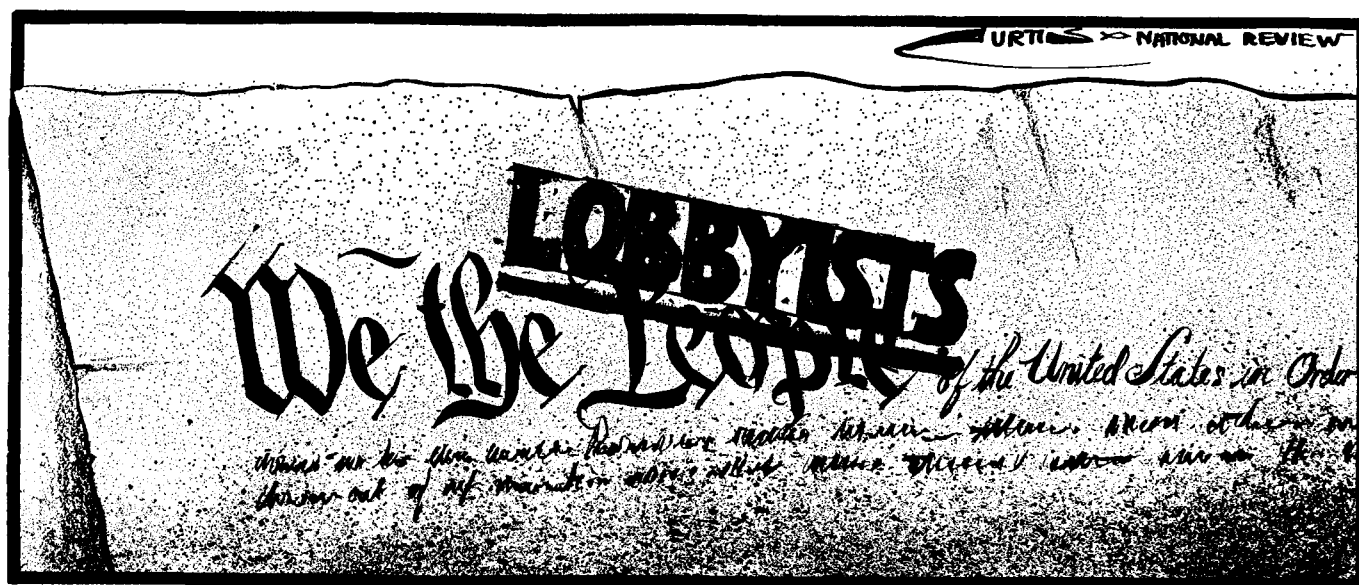
The reception following the speech was a lot more

interesting than the speech itself—concerning which, a few observations:

I made a point of meeting her. After I had introduced myself and told her I enjoyed her speech, she smiled and moved on to the next adoring admirer. Just as she started shaking hands with him, I added, "Of course, I didn't agree with a word of it." Well, that was that. Next adoring admirer never did get the opportunity to chat with Bella, because she was on my back for the remainder of the reception. The very next words out of her mouth were: "You should be ashamed to get up in the morning!" She harangued me for ten straight minutes, without so much as asking a single question about my reasons for thinking as I do. Her curiosity finally got the better of her. In due course it emerged that I was a law student; that surprised her; and a graduate of an oppressively male institution [Yale]—that shocked her; and an ex-editor of NATIONAL REVIEW—that *horri-fied* her. Her parting words were: "I know it! I just *know* it! When they finally get around to appointing a woman to the Supreme Court, you're precisely the kind they're going to appoint!" (I should be so lucky.)

Since it was Liz—my own roommate, now president of the Legal Forum—who'd invited her to Virginia, it was Liz who drove her back to her hotel. Apparently, she was fuming about me the whole way. "That infuriating woman—the one with the red hair—God forbid she should go into politics!" etc., etc. And then: "Do you know who I mean?" "Oh, sure," said liberated (but still lovable) Liz. "She's my roommate. You're riding in her car." (Liz had thought Bella might be a bit uncomfortable in the bucket seat of her Camaro).

Love,
Vicki Marani
Charlottesville, Va.
—WFB



News item: Special interest groups proliferating in Washington, D.C.

ONE WOULD HAVE to search long and hard these days to find an example in the Christian world of the religious fervor routinely demonstrated by the Islamic nations. Once the repository of absolute values, catholic solidarity, and profound conviction, Christianity is nowadays the religion of reticence (what the American writer J. M. Cuddihy has called the "religion of civility"), characterized by the desire not to *offend* anyone by adhering too loudly and publicly to one's religious beliefs.

But this trend is not confined to America, and it has dangerous implications for international politics. It is a rare clergyman, for instance, who will defend his co-religionists elsewhere on the globe. That the refugees of North and South Vietnam have been predominantly Catholic seems to be of no special importance to the bishops of America and Europe. The suffering of Eastern Rite Catholics prompted too few protests; and, eventually, the anti-Communism of Cardinal Mindszenty became more embarrassing than exemplary to his Western colleagues. Idi Amin found establishment Christians to be pushovers. The Maronite Christians of Lebanon, bombed to the brink of extinction by the Syrian "peace forces," are depicted as "right-wing," and thus dismissed. The Vatican, worried perhaps about being labeled "fanatical" or "partisan," doesn't want to take sides.

If anything, the trend is to support the blatant enemies of Christianity. A leftist monsignor in Pittsburgh has sung the praises of Chinese Communism, certainly the greatest world threat to *all* religion. And the World Council of Churches, in a perverse interpretation of Christian charity, has given cash grants to the anti-white terrorists in southern Africa. Perhaps it feels it must atone for the colonial sins of past missionaries by subsidizing people to kill today's missionaries.

At the opposite pole from these willfully degenerate Christians are present-day Moslems. Islam, literally translated, means resignation (to God's will); but Moslems are anything but resigned.

Libya's Colonel Qaddafi sends money and arms to Moslems who battle as far away as the Philippines. And everyone is familiar with the unity of concern within the world of Islam for the Palestinians, concern which is overshadowed only by the fear, among some political moderates, of Russian influence. But the strength of fundamental Islamic conviction is best demonstrated by the internal Moslem opposition to the attempts at modernization in Turkey and Iran.

In the eastern provinces of Turkey, there is an Islamic revival under way, the reaction to the "laicism" introduced by Atatürk. "Laicism" involved a series of draconian laws, brutally enforced, designed to shatter the power of Islam, or at least those aspects of it (some of which, it must be said, were by no means Koranic) which threatened Atatürk's vision of progress. This occurred in a land where only a hundred years earlier men had been executed for refusing to wear the fez, a brimless hat which allowed the faithful to touch the ground with their foreheads. Under Atatürk those who wore the fez were executed. But even these laws could not break the Islamic monopoly; in fact, the current movement is more reaffirmation than revival. Atatürk was probably agnostic, but he recognized the value of spiritual unity. If he wanted to shatter the anti-progressive side of Islam, he did not want any other religions filling the gap. Proselytizing for other faiths is still prohibited. For a Turkish Moslem, conversion to Christianity was and is unimaginable.

In Iran, few foreign observers predicted the present, almost fanatical, revival of fundamentalist Islam. A moderate sect which rejected the oral tradition and emphasized the teachings of the Koran, Shiitic Islam had always predominated in Iran. Religious and ethnic minorities were tolerated: neither the surviving Zoroastrians (Parsees) nor the Armenians have been persecuted in modern times. And it was even possible (though it was discouraged) to convert to another faith without suffering social ostracism.

The first hints of a resurgent Islam came when the plan to substitute the Latin alphabet for the Arabic script had to be abandoned. Never mind that Persian is an Indo-European language, for which the Arabic letters are not at all suitable. What matters is that the Arabic script and language are those of the Koran. And here is the rub: although Iran has strong historical ties to Europe, she is boxed in geographically, surrounded by the Islamic Turks and Iraqis, the atheists of the USSR, and the pagans of the Indian subcontinent. These factors will limit the pace of Westernization.

Into this cauldron has been thrown Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. His is a formidable task. On the one hand, rapid modernization is a necessity, since Iran is threatened with powerful national and (worse) ideological enemies. The wealth of oil also brings its own changes. On the other hand, the Shah faces pressure from Moslem conservatives, and especially the resentment of Moslem leaders who regret the waning of their influence as much as the thinning of the faith. The Shah is supported by a small group of educated moderates, and, contrary to the propaganda of leftist students in the West, by a considerable sector of the lower classes, who have benefited enormously from his reign. I have seen Iran twice, 12 years apart; its economic advancement during the Sixties is stunning, comparable only to that of South Korea, Taiwan, or Spain.

The lesson for Iranian politics should rest in that success story. It is not that the Shah is insensitive to spiritual concerns. He realizes that a materialistic nation will eventually rip itself apart. But the Shah must rule with a firm, and often anti-democratic, hand if he wants to keep Iran free from outside coercion and steadily advancing economically. It would be ironic if an unholy alliance of Moslem reactionaries, stupid national progressives, and outright Communists combined to depose the Shah. It is then that Islamic fervor would face its most severe test. □

In 1973, Jeff Bell taught a Harvard seminar on "Conservatism in the 1970s." In 1976, after working on the staff of Ronald Reagan, he returned to New Jersey, to teach Clifford Case and Bill Bradley

The Long Shot v. the Jump Shot

RICHARD BROOKHISER

ON JUNE 6, CALIFORNIANS voted on Proposition 13, while New Jersey's Republicans chose between four-term veteran Clifford Case and an obscure conservative writer and activist, for the honor of running for the Senate. By June 7, Proposition 13 was in the headlines, and Jeffrey Bell was no longer obscure. The surprise double result, Bell hopes and believes, was no coincidence.

Bell was born in 1943 in Washington, D.C. He went to college at Columbia University, where he announced sports events (including basketball games with Princeton). In 1963 and 1965 he worked for NATIONAL REVIEW; from 1967 to 1968, he was an American advisor in the Mekong Delta. When his Army stint was up, he became a staff researcher for the Nixon campaign. Pat Buchanan offered him a speechwriting job in the new Administration, but Bell went to the American Conservative Union instead. In 1973, he taught a Harvard seminar on "Conservatism in the 1970s." In 1974, he joined the personal staff of Ronald Reagan. In 1976, he returned to New Jersey—one of the several states in which he had grown up—with the intention of replacing Clifford Case.

Until fairly recently, Americans liked to believe that their leaders rose, like Venus, from the community; and Bell concedes that that is "the way things should be." But "in reaction to an emergency, specialists" like himself "have to be developed." The emergency, as Bell saw it in 1976, was the bankruptcy of New Deal policies and politics. Bell felt 1968 was the turning point, when a regular and apparently conservative Republican captured the White House for

the first time in forty years. Blundering and timid, the Republicans failed to follow up on their victory, and the Congress remained overwhelmingly Democratic. But the next few years, Bell reasoned, would see a "second-stage realignment," with conservatives taking office in the states and in Congress, much as young liberal Democrats—like Humphrey and Stevenson—had come to power in the wake of the Roosevelt Administrations.

Bell's effort to match theory with practice was widely ignored, and with good reason. Case was the greatest vote-getter in New Jersey history, and an NBC-New York Times poll taken two weeks before the primary showed Case with 50 per cent of the vote and Bell with only 14. As it turned out, the poll was only half wrong. Case got 49 per cent; 51 per cent voted for Bell.

THE UPSET triggered a flood of puns ("Bell Rings, Case Closed"), and a diligent search for special circumstances. Case, it was now noticed, was 74 years old, and out of touch with the local party. "Case called the 21 county chairmen," one former campaign manager said. "They all agreed to support him, and that was the beginning and the end of the Case campaign." The New Jersey GOP has a sizable and stubborn conservative minority—an unknown right-winger opposing Case in 1972 got 30 per cent of the vote; and the Republican turnout was the second lowest in twenty years. Bell let the pundits speculate. Case, he said in his victory speech, "ran an honorable campaign on the issues"; and it was issues, he is convinced, that gave him the edge.

Bell's prime issue is taxes. "I don't think it's possible to separate my candidacy from that issue," he declared in a televised debate with Senator Case two nights before the primary; and it turns up in every presentation and speech. A Bell appearance before a group of Rotarians in Trenton this July was typical. Over the last 13 years, Bell said, New Jersey has gone from an "economic magnet" to an "economic basket-case." Since 1965, state taxes have skyrocketed—and 140,000 manufacturing jobs have been lost. What is true for a state is true for a nation. "When taxes go up, jobs and people go out. . . . We have to make work more productive than non-work." The way to do that is by cutting taxes. "[There is] no major economic problem which can't be solved by a combination of tight money and tax cuts."

This is a very old conservative pitch; what is new this year is the body-English imparted by the theories of economist Arthur Laffer. By cutting taxes, Laffer's disciples argue, the government increases productivity and revenue. By raising taxes, it diminishes both. Montesquieu described the process two centuries ago: "The effect of excessive taxes is slavery; and slavery produces diminution of tribute." Montesquieu and Laffer now join hands in the New Jersey Senate race. There are two ways, Bell assures the Rotarians, to collect the same amount of revenue: low tax rates, which encourage high production; or high tax rates, leading to lowered production. America should move from the second to the first—"That doesn't seem unreasonable to me."

The psychological effect of the new dispensation is tremendous. In one

bound, Lafferite Republicans transform themselves from a party of axe-wielding budget-cutters to the party of hope. "Imagine government as loading a wagon at Point A and unloading it at Point B," Bell said after the Trenton speech. "We're the party that knows how to load the wagon. For too long, we've been standing at the unloading end, and railing." The tax issue is ecumenical as well; tax cuts, Bell believes, help everyone and therefore resist conventional labels. "I've come to avoid the words conservative and liberal," he told the *Trenton Times* in May. "The economic growth issue transcends these lines." With a straight face, Bell invokes the tax-cutting shades of Calvin Coolidge and John Kennedy.

IT IS A GOOD thing that Bell believes his message, for he couldn't convince anyone if he didn't. He speaks stiffly and jerkily; but the Trenton audience sensed his enthusiasm; and he got more applause after the question-and-answer period than after the prepared speech.

Bell's victory surprised the Democrats as much as Case. The Democratic nomination went as expected to former basketball star Bill Bradley. Bradley had passed through Princeton, Oxford, and the New York Knicks, and had had his eye on Case's seat at least as long as Bell. On election day, he easily carried twenty of New Jersey's 21 counties, and buried the organization candidate by a 2 to 1 margin, only to find that his game plan had suddenly become obsolete. Being as liberal as Case, Bradley had planned to wage a personality contest—youth, vigor, and celebrity would achieve Case's goals more effectively than Case himself. But now Bradley faced an opponent with a completely different philosophy and a comparable birthdate.

Bradley's first action was to go into seclusion to learn economics. "The tax issue could be a potentially tough one," Bradley's campaign manager admitted to the *Camden Courier Post*. "We're going to have to hold Bell's feet to the fire every day." Bradley emerged with a two-fold strategy—he both criticized the Kemp-Roth tax cut, which Bell supports, as inflationary, and proposed at the end of August a smaller cut of his own: \$21 billion in personal income tax cuts, \$4 billion in corporate tax cuts.

The two candidates swiftly carved up Case's constituency. Bell got the en-

dorsement of the party organization he had bucked. "It leads me to believe that a lot of Republicans didn't work too hard for Mr. Case," a former Case supporter remarked. Case himself remained silent until the beginning of October, when he endorsed Bell for the good of the two-party system. Bradley meanwhile inherited the more potent support of organized labor. The day after the primary, the state AFL-CIO executive board voted unanimously to back Bradley. Bell asked if he could address the state convention along with Bradley in September, but president Charles Marcian turned Bell down.

When the candidates do appear together, Bell comes off better forensically. Bradley, it turns out, has the presence of a gaffed fish. "Despite many of his views which we consider to be appalling, Bell is by far the more interesting and personable candidate," said New York's left-wing *Village Voice*. Bradley also gives the impression of being an intellectual opportunist. "Of the three major Democratic candidates for United States senator," said the liberal *Bergen Record* the day after the primary, "Bill Bradley showed the least substance. . . . His statements lacked the depth and conviction of both his rivals." Bradley's \$25-billion tax cut, said the equally liberal *Camden Courier Post*, "smacks of demagoguery." Bell, on the other hand, is relentlessly principled. He told a summer workshop of the New Jersey Education Association that he opposed teacher strikes and a Department of Education; and he informed a state convention of the NAACP that he opposed busing. Sometimes the perversity pays off. The NAACP booed the busing statement, but cheered when he accused the Democratic Party of being a "machine" which took black votes for granted. As if to confirm the accusation, Bell received the endorsement of Jersey City Councilman Cornelius Parker, a black Democrat. Bell, said Parker, "has more accurately assessed the plight of cities and especially the needs of minorities in Jersey City and America."

For these reasons, Bradley has concentrated on one-to-one encounters with the voters and on television advertisements. The two candidates agreed at the very beginning of the campaign to engage in 21 debates, of which a dozen have been held so far. Bradley has canceled two—one on CBS Channel 10 in Philadelphia, another on New Jersey

Public television. Bradley's people told the New Jersey station that their man was meeting the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in Atlantic City that day, and that two other scheduled debates on that station would provide "enough information"; the producers put Bell on, facing an empty chair. Bradley has also rejected three different dates for a debate on New York's *News-makers*, each time pleading scheduling problems.

Bradley's ad campaign meanwhile proceeds apace, under the direction of Michael Kaye Associates, managers of Jerry Brown's 1976 bid for the presidential nomination. Two Kaye commercials, held over from the primaries, show Bradley discussing solar energy and Bradley tossing a crumpled sheet of notes into a wastepaper basket fixed with a hoop. Bell's spots, by Elliott Curson Ltd., show Bell explaining the theory of tax cuts, and end with the tag-line, "California had Proposition 13. New Jersey has Jeff Bell."

BRADLEY'S strategy is working, if the polls are any indication. The Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers, in a sample of 949 voters during the last two weeks of September, found Bradley leading by 49 to 24 per cent, with 27 per cent undecided. Eagleton also found 23 per cent picking Bell as the candidate better able to handle a federal tax cut, while 22 per cent chose Bradley. The Bell camp immediately pointed out that Eagleton had given Case a 43 to 14 per cent lead three weeks before the primary. Bell's own polls show a large, though shrinking, lead for Bradley. In June, Bell trailed 47 to 21 per cent. By September, the figures had shifted to 35 to 23 per cent. Undecided voters had swollen to 42 per cent.

What the Bradley people fear most is a light turnout. Case was scuttled, so the conventional wisdom goes, by a lack of interest; and Bradley wants to get the votes out.

It is a measure of their conviction that Bell's managers want a heavy vote too. They hope for the end of the New York paper strike, even though this will guarantee a *New York Times* endorsement for Bradley. Bell's message is what the electorate wants to hear—and only by failing to get it across will he lose.

You would have to say Bell was crazy, if he hadn't been crazy in June too. □



Main intersection at a Hollywood oil field.

"This is the set where they shot 'Hello, Dolly!' What you can't see is us pumping oil behind it."

"One of the strangest places I ever produced oil," says Gulf Production Superintendent Eddie Culbertson, "was right here in Los Angeles, in the back lot of the 20th Century-Fox studio.

"They found a big oil field right under a permanent set being used for shooting the movie 'Hello, Dolly!' in 1969.

The indirect approach

"How do you get at the oil without disturbing the set, the streets, or the buildings? With a technique called



"We showed them how they could have their oil and their movies."

directional drilling. The oil is as far as one mile from the surface location of the drill sites, which were hidden by the scenery.

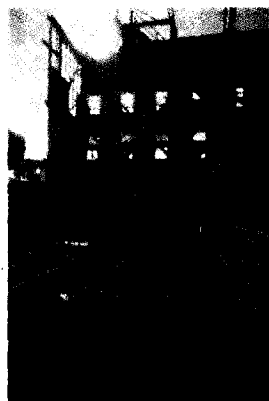
"Directional drilling has other advantages. You can drill 20 or 30 wells from just one drill site. Or you can drill for some offshore oil without putting the

drilling rig right in the water.

Keep America beautiful

"Sometimes it's a real challenge getting the oil without spoiling the landscape. Directional drilling is one way to do it. There are many more.

"Getting the oil out and preserving the environment is a challenge, but I'd say we were meeting it very well."



"Behind the scenery are 22 producing oil wells."



**Gulf people:
meeting the challenge.**

Gulf Oil Corporation.

Minimize the cost of electricity, that's what our research is really try

Dr. Richard Balzhiser, Director for Fossil Fuels and Advanced Systems at the Electric Power Research Institute



Dr. Balzhiser among the array of mirrors that track the sun at U.S. Department of Energy's Sandia Labs solar thermal test facility in New Mexico.

ing to do.”

“Our principal solar research effort is to develop collectors to use solar energy concentrated by mirrors. Such systems must be in use a large part of the time to justify the large capital investment. While the sun’s energy is free, it’s only available part of the time, so we’ll need innovative storage or hybrid systems if solar electricity costs are to compete with other alternatives.

SOLAR CELLS

“Present solar cells are far too costly for utility use. We believe thin-film technology or very advanced cell concepts using concentrated solar energy offer the best chances for producing electricity at competitive costs. We’ve recently had some exciting results which could lead to the breakthrough necessary for solar cells to receive serious consideration by utilities.

SOLAR HOMES

“To investigate and refine solar heating and cooling systems, we have built five houses on Long Island, and five in Albuquerque, equipped with various combinations of space conditioning and storage systems. We will run more than 100 experiments over the next three to four years to identify the mix of solar energy and other things a homeowner can do in combination with his utility to lower the overall cost.

CLEAN COAL

“As coal-fired plants become more expensive and more complicated, new approaches to producing power from coal could become more attractive. We’re looking for better technology to protect the environment at minimum cost. R&D on coal gasification and fluidized combustion has shown considerable promise. Unfortunately, these are not

available today, and our immediate needs must be met with better conventional plants that operate as cleanly, as reliably and as cost-effectively as we can make them.”

NUCLEAR POWER



Dr. Milton Levenson, Director for Nuclear Power at the Electric Power Research Institute.

“About 80% of our nuclear research is aimed at making nuclear power even less expensive. We’re trying to improve reliability, to extend fuel life, to protect against the cost of plant shut-downs, to make plant operations go smoother.

“We’re getting involved in new types of electronics, new concepts for inspection devices, and very sophisticated ways of analyzing materials. But basically it all comes back to reducing even further the cost of nuclear power.”

This country will need more electricity years before resources now in research will be ready to deliver it. By 1988, our demand will increase by 40% just because of new people and their jobs. Utilities will supply that energy using whatever fuels are then available and economical. For facts on how research is keeping our energy options open, just send the coupon.

The time to build power plants is now.

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"Sun Mist" and "Sun Isle," two carpets to capture that sunny, laid-back mood. At better carpet stores everywhere.



MILLIKEN MOODS

CALIFORNIA'S OTHER ANCIENT WARRIOR

JOHN GREENWAY

Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man: and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.

Revelation 13: 18

I WAS ON THE ROAD to Damascus, through sand, silence, and heat where the dead tree gives no shelter. But I did not need the looming on the road ahead, a light more blinding than the sun, or a vision to tell me what I was about. Setting the poesy aside, I was already Saul become Paul, speeding across north central California toward Modesto, first to rewrite the Bible for the Reverend Kirby J. Hensley and next to become his Sword of Conquest. My vocation was entirely mercenary, as Paul's was, but I knew more about the genesis of subversive churches than Saint Paul, and I knew there was an element lacking in Hensley's Universal Life Church I thought I could fill. I was not much in fear of bolts from Heaven, though more so than I would have been the previous summer, when I was in almost continuous correspondence with Mrs. Ruth Ellen Patton Totten, daughter of General George S. Patton Jr., and had graciously from her some ten thousand words written and recorded from "Old Patny" on the subject of psychic phenomena in the Patton family, corroborated by Mrs. Totten and Major General George S. Patton, "Old Blood and Guts's" son. Since Thomas Didymus there has not been on this planet a more aggressive disbeliever than I, but this material convinced me of the reality of my one psychic experience, a precognitive vision of the crash of the dirigible *Shenandoah* on the third of September, 1925, my acceptance of which I suppressed for fifty years. But since I have a long book on these phenomena in gestation, I will say no more about the supernatural until I get closer to the Reverend Kirby J. Hensley, who at times can be scary.

What Saint Paul did not know about the origin of religions is that their purpose is to make people believe. This function has been lost in our culture—for our nation's safety against organized adultery, the nonexistent Mafia, murder by poor disadvantaged minorities, and Cleveland. But among the aboriginal natives of Australia, whom I have lived with and studied for twenty years, the necessity of using every device, secular and sacred, to control killing over women makes every other reason advanced by philosophers through the millennia specious nonsense. Like so many other millions, I saw Kirby Hensley expose the second highest administrator of the IRS as the buffoon he was born, on the television program *Sixty Minutes* in September of 1976. The IRS started its ill-advised messing around with Hensley by confiscating \$10,377 from his bank account. Since the IRS was already operating in violation of one article and four amendments to the Constitution, it overlooked Article I, which prohibits any government agency from making invidious comparisons among churches, so Hensley got back his \$10,377 plus \$3,020 interest. His prosecutors—who included the FBI, which was upset by his pointing out that his ministers had

In addition to his conventional degrees of A.B., M.A. (Eng), M.A. (Anth), Ph.D., Mr. Greenway is an ordained minister of the Universal Life Church, in which he holds the ranks of Bishop, Archbishop, Cardinal, D.D., Rel.Hum. D., Un.Lf.D., Rel.D., and Saint.

as much right to ignore the draft as Abdullah Bulbul Amir "or whatever that A-rab prize fighter is calling himself"—next had him convicted in a Modesto municipal court for selling unaccredited doctorates of divinity. Kirby took this to the California Supreme Court and won on his own argument that such degrees, even if they came from the Harvard Divinity School, had no substance. The IRS and FBI are leaving Hensley strictly alone now, having learned the wisdom of Rimfire Hamrick's law of territoriality: "When I see a snake poking his head out of the hole, I go around just as far as I can and say, 'That hole belongs to that snake.'"

It struck me that the admirably feisty little old illiterate Hensley had stumbled into the next phase of religious evolution—from sexual morality to socioeconomic morality and thus the morality of the state rather than the individual. I visited Hensley in his Modesto church and found that he was not a "charlatan," as the frustrated IRS calls him, nor a "con man," as he likes to call himself, but a genuine religious practitioner, freed from the more foolish precepts of orthodoxy by his inability to read and write. (Some hostile journalists say he is literate, but I worked every trick for winking out the truth I have learned in 31 years of university teaching on him, and can attest he is illiterate.)

The Constitution, the United States Supreme Court, the legislature, and everybody but the Internal Revenue Service obeys the Founding Fathers' prohibition against anyone's defining or evaluating any religion; but since no one with any sense pays attention to anthropologists, I will, for the purpose of establishing Hensley's church, enumerate the eight components requisite for any philosophical organization to become a religion: 1) *A concept of the supernatural*; 2) *An obsessive emotion*; 3) *Myth—the narrative charter of the religion*; 4) *Ritual—a mnemonic device to preserve detailed memory of the myth*; 5) *Dogma—directives of behavior*; 6) *Mana* (from the Oceanic language)—*a transcendent spiritual power, invisible, intangible, amoral, best compared with electricity. Sustains levels of social organization by its possession; e.g., those noble enough to have it, usually have it in the hair—hence the story of Samson in the Bible*; 7) *Practitioners—priests (who get*

their mana through membership in an ordained cult) and shamans (persons who mediate directly with the spirit world and receive mana through their own charismatic qualities). Range from the Arctic shamans to the peripatetic Billy Graham and Oral Roberts; American shamans have a tenuous affiliation with the Baptist denominations; 8) Means of acquiring mana: either prayer or magic. In primitive religions mana is forced from the spirit world by incantations; when religions become anthropomorphic, mana is acquired by prayer, sacrifice, and supplication.

Though these components are not yet developed in Hensley's Universal Life Church, they are clearly prefigured. For instance, he has only one item of dogma, so far, though he is working up a Decalogue on which he intends to write

*His father had told him that all
snakes were the Devil, so Kirby
caught him one, twined a noose
around its neck and tail
and barbecued it over a twig fire*

sins in his own orthography, so that future Supreme Courts will not be able to twist his meaning. His one rule at present is, *Thou shalt not pay thy income tax.*

To understand my ulterior motive in spending a second summer with Kirby, he that hath understanding should know that every religion of which we have historical knowledge began the same way: A shaman arises, chews himself as high as Heaven on some native drug, imagines he has seen his God, and has been told by the deity that He is bloody well fed up with the way the Dominant People are running things, and therefore He has chosen the shaman's people to inherit the earth. Returning with this message to his people he is told to ram a shot of Thorazine up his you-know-what and stop bothering honest people. This directive usually ends what we call the Nativistic Endeavor—unless the shaman

can contrive a miracle—as Tenskwatawa did in 1811 when he found a white man's astronomical almanac and threatened to take out the sun if the people did not shape up and believe his message. He was as good as his threat and the Indians rose under the superb leadership of the Prophet's "St. Paul," Tecumseh (another essential of the successful Nativistic Endeavor). The whites very nearly lost, and, in a sense, did, by electing Tippecanoe and Tyler Too and Tippecanoe's otherwise unqualified grandson, Benjamin Harrison, and a Vice President, Richard Johnson, who campaigned on the slogan *Ripsey Rampsey, Humpsey Dumpsey, I, Dick Johnson, killed Tecumseh*. Rarely do Nativistic Endeavors win their wars—but occasionally they do and then thrive—if the Prophet does not make either of two mistakes: 1) dying without making provision for reincarnation, or 2) setting a calendrical date on the millennium.



Hensley had a St. Paul, but he was not sufficiently militant and he put too much of his effort into nut stuff like pyramid power, ESP, and free-field-energy automobiles. Moreover, he has been whispering in Hensley's good ear since the Universal Life Church was founded May 2, 1962. Only violence can dislodge this fellow and allow the church to develop along historical lines, and I personally cannot consider this expedient until the ULC gives stronger evidence of continuing its rate of growth.

In any event Hensley and I had a verbal (we were limited here by Kirby's illiteracy) agreement for me to re-write the Bible, and in our earlier meeting he did show some tenable changes, such as finding some compatibility between Proverbs 26: 4 and Proverbs 26: 5. "And what about that thing in John 1: 1—In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. That don' mean *nuthin'*." I didn't bother telling him that for most of the Church's history it did not in fact mean *nuthin'*; beggars used the first four words, *In principio erat verbum*, as a charm to lure coins from pockets.

At the end of that last day of driving I pulled into my Modesto motel parking space and recorded against trouble with the IRS the mileage reading on the odometer. 666. The number of the Beast, the Antichrist. I was still slightly shaken by reading upside down the number on my ULC doctorate of divinity. Right side up it was 14,999. Upside down with an open 4 it became 666 h 1; in the Hebrew vowelless alphabet I was down in the Holy Books as 666 hell. There was a lot more to come. If you have the door of faith in the supernatural open in the slightest, you do not speak lightly of 666. The bulk of the earth's villains' names, starting all the way back with Neron Caesar (Nero) and also his birth name (Lucius Domitus Ahenobarbus), in Roman numerals give the 666 equation. So do those of Diocletian, Evanthan, Julian the Apostate, Luther, Mohammed, Paul V, Sylvester II, Napoleon Bonaparte, Charles Bradlaugh, William II of Germany, Hitler, and Pope Paul VI give the

666 equation. I told myself, with as much conviction as I could muster, "That don' mean *nuthin'*."

In our first day of orientation, in his three-story frame shanty that serves as church, offices, shipping rooms, print shop, and chicken coop, I had most of his life in as little room as he occupies. Born July 23, 1911 in northwest North Carolina in what the imperious Methodists call the turd-kicker town of Low Gap, Kirby emerged (the Methodists again) from under the porch of his parents' two-room cabin pretty much as he is now: small, toothless, feisty, ferocious,

scrawny, red-haired, with his fists closed against the world. His first fight was, appropriately, one against the Devil himself. His father had told him that all snakes were the Devil, so Kirby caught him one, twined a noose around its neck and tail, and barbecued it over a twig fire with his first sermon: "Wal, you ole son of a bitch, you gone burn me in Hell one day, but I gone burn you fust."

Kirby spent three years in the one-room school-house at Low Gap, but never learned anything, since the teacher had him spend all his time on his toes, clutching his books to his chest, and with his nose elevated against a chalk circle on the blackboard (the Sisters of St. Joseph used to punish me that way, too, but all their inheritances from the Inquisition achieved was to make us all more mischievous). Kirby quit and became a *preshun*—an apprentice tramp—but never succumbed to the homosexuality buried in the double-meaning hobo song *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*. Instead he

joined the Baptist Church with a strong vocation to become a minister and later a doctor of divinity at a respectable college by paying teachers \$4 an hour to read him the Bible until he had it all membrized. "I allus had a good membrly," he says.

He moved to Bakersfield and supported himself as a carpenter and farmer while sowing seeds in the fields of the Lord. Like Roger Williams—but faster, since he could not read any refutation—Kirby moved left, past the Pentecostals, even past the Snakehandlers whose religion is



based on Mark 16: 18. If it had not been for the snakes, Kirby might have saved himself his first wife and a variety of grief by reading the preceding verse—*they shall speak with new tongues*, for he turned the influential people of Modesto against him by deliberately being a pain in the ass—a deficiency Generals Patton, Billy Mitchell, George Armstrong Custer, and the civilian Caryl Chessman were abhorred for more than for their actual offenses. Kirby regards Jesus as the Antichrist, but he could have found a milder way of expressing it on radio than by calling Jesus a hobo—“never did a lick of work in his life. It was his old man who was the carpenter.” When he was invited to debate one of the respectable preachers he declined, muttering, “I druther listen to my dawg gnaw on a bone.”

That will not go in Modesto, perhaps the most spiritual city in the world. In the Gallo wine tanks, the largest in the world, there are fifty million gallons of spirits, and emanating from the ULC is the mana of Kirby's six and a half-million ordained ministers.

Goaded beyond sanctimonious endurance, the good people (including, for their expertise before the bar, the IRS) pulled Hensley into court on an imaginative variety of charges. Often arguing his own case, Kirby not only beat the expensive lawyers but humiliated them right up through the United States Supreme Court. He was invited to most of the television shows, saving the best for *Sixty Minutes*, where he dealt with the second-highest administrator of the IRS as David dealt with Goliath. The IRS will no longer give out any statements on Kirby or his Church.

Sixty Minutes made him. Within a matter of months after the show Hensley had more than six million ministers and fifteen thousand doctors of divinity, including Johnny Carson, S. I. Hayakawa, Mae West, Goldie Hawn, Milton Berle, Mahalia Jackson, Jimmy Stewart, two dogs, two cats, and a monkey. “They think they’re puttin’ me down by



can think of—abbé, abbot, bishop, archbishop, cardinal, archdeacon, reverend mother, guru, hadji, saint, doctor of divinity. “Did you ever hear of an archbishop in the Bible?” he asks. “I’m going to ridicule ‘em out o’ business.” Contrary to journalistic distortion he does not ask any money for ordination—which will give you a certificate for framing, a card for your wallet, a cornucopia of goods at clerical discounts (including automobiles), and the authority to perform legal marriages (or divorces), baptisms, and ordinations to the priesthood, and to avoid (not “evade,” which is illegal) paying income tax. Only the certificates of high rank cost anything—\$5—but if you write him for your ordination as a minister (Reverend Kirby J. Hensley, 601 3rd Street, Modesto, California 95251), slip in a couple of dollars—let your hatred for the IRS be your guide—and tell him where you heard about him. He owes me money.

And get to know him; he’ll be running for President next time, possibly with Howard Jarvis for Vice President. You can be sure his Administration will be excitingly different from the current goobernatorial circus. Kirby can’t read, but he sure as hell can count, and that budget will get the damndest scrutiny it has had since Andy Jackson ran up a \$26,000 national debt.

Kirby will have his second Commandment worked out by then—*Thou shalt leave the people alone*. Kirby has a good membry; and he recalls Old Rimfire Hamrick, who ran for office in North Carolina on the Territorialist ticket, whose precepts were summed up in the observation about the snake and his hole that I quoted earlier.

Imagine how little trouble we will all have when every hole has the snapping teeth of Kirby Hensley and Howard Jarvis sticking out of it. If our young generation will not fight for their constitutional rights, there is still a veteran generation who stormed Suribachi and Iwo Jima waiting to get its false teeth into the peanut bureaucracy. □

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getting their dogs ordained, but they are making my point—which is to make so damned many do-nothin’ preachers that when one comes to the door with his collar turned round, the wife will kick him out in the street. Let ‘em work like me—I’m a carpenter.” He may also be the richest man in the State of California, though he still wears J. C. Penney suits, drives a clunker which only his mana keeps running, lives in a shanty, owns nothing modern except three IBM Selectrics, and brings home chicken necks for dinner. He encourages the sale—for \$5 each, and worth it for the art if not the mana—of any religious certificate you

The Half-Trillion-Dollar Pyramid

NEAL B. FREEMAN

IT'S JUST A matter of time before Congress succumbs to The Pressure and permits live television coverage of floor proceedings. Forty-five state legislatures now allow at least partial coverage, and the results, by most accounts, have been positive (i.e., there have been no known political fatalities). A few diehards on the Hill, self-described statesmen, vow to defend the traditional order, but their opponents, young and telegenic folk, say this is because the "statesmen" are no good on the tube.

An educated guess is that the cameras will arrive sometime next year. And another guess, this one merely visceral, is that both congressional players and the voter-viewer at home will be surprised at the results. Opening the faucet of speculation, then, we foresee the following changes:

1. Congress will clean up its act. Virtually all of the discussion to date has focused on the cosmetic improvements that television will enforce. A good thing, it is agreed on all sides. The snoozing, newspaper-scanning, and nose-picking that may have offended the galleries in times past will be done off the floor.

2. Floor speeches will be shortened and brightened, the level of discourse raised. The filibuster, now in decline, may expire, a victim of the ripple effect of ratings madness. A possible exception: one congressional personality will find his niche as the Jerry Lewis of the Hill, winning national affection for his staying power. Ev Dirksen and his marigolds would have filled this bill.

3. Unfortunately, the brighter, shorter speeches may be directed not to congressional colleagues, but to constituents. The level of communication on

matters legislative may actually decline.

4. The advantages of incumbency, already overpowering, will be enlarged still further. Congressmen will now campaign all week long, not just on weekends. Remember the 1972 campaign, when Nixon refused to come out of his big white house on Pennsylvania Avenue? In the television era, there will be 535 Rose Gardens, with 535 congressional incumbents lurking therein.

5. Political emphasis on personal style will be exaggerated, usually at the expense of intellectual substance. That is the incontrovertible impact of the cultural shift from print to broadcast.

A Death Sentence

If other television precedents hold, the result in public perception will be greater distortion of issues, not sharper clarification. The balancing argument here is that television will give us a much better feel for our representatives. By seeing how they walk and talk and mix with others, we will develop a sense of "character" that print can never convey. This argument is the blood brother of the proposition that the camera never lies. But, to anybody who has worked in the television medium, the converse is much closer to the truth: the camera almost always lies, which is why it is such a valued and flexible tool in the hands of polemicists.

6. A death sentence for the backwater eccentrics. One of the blessings of Congress is that it reflects some of the diversity of American culture. A handful of "accidental" congressmen with strange hobbies, outlandish habits, unconventional minds, passion, have thus far waved off the little man with the media hairspray. Some of them not only fail to read the *New York Times*;

they feel no guilt about it. They express themselves colorfully and common-sensically. They represent the people who sent them to Washington and pay no homage to the *Newsweek* bureau chief. (James Eastland is the archetypal figure.) Present in limited numbers, still they make a disproportionate contribution to the work of the Congress as a whole. Their number, I fear, will be thinned in the television age. Their constituents will start comparing them with the apparently more respected and influential congressmen from other parts of the country—the congressmen with national media constituencies. That comparison, both contrived and interpreted by the national media, will be invidious to the accidentals.

Squeals of Delight

7. Congressional and party leadership will be diminished. If you have ever seen a group of politicians spring to life when the camera's red eye blinks, enough said. It's every man for himself and the hierarchy be damned.

8. Representative government as we have idealized it will be hurt. With a televised congress and instantaneous "feedback," the pressure on individual congressmen will provoke, at the margin, plebiscitary response.

9. There may be a quantum change in public perception of the role of Congress. What we may have here is the ultimate TV game show. Let's call it the Half-Trillion-Dollar Pyramid. In the customary game-show format, we see Mrs. Jones, the pert redhead from Dubuque, in process of winning \$1,000 for naming the first President of the United States. Mrs. Jones squeals in delight, and warm feelings are radiated coast to coast. The formula calls for the serendipity of victory. Mrs. Jones, your fungible housewife, has become the beneficiary of an anonymous grant. The announcer intones, "This could happen to you."

The Half-Trillion-Dollar Pyramid won't work this way. It will have the same mid-day time-slot, all right, and the eclectic cast of characters and the fungible beneficiaries. But there will come that breath-catching moment in each episode when Mrs. Jones, the pert
(Continues on page 1437)

Mr. Freeman is NR's Washington correspondent.

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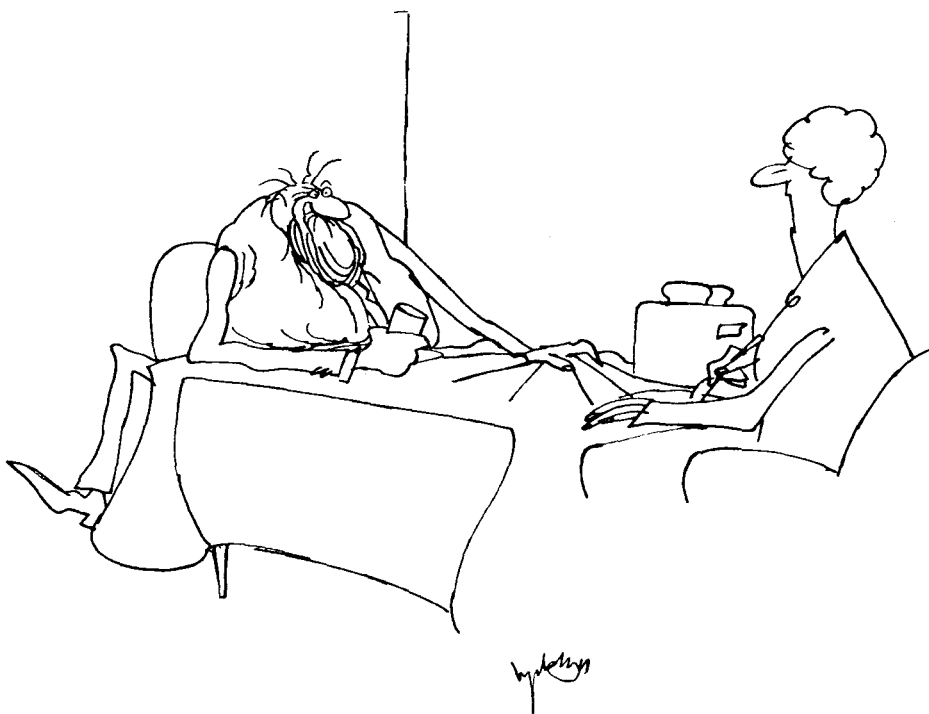


Ten Per Cent, and Rising

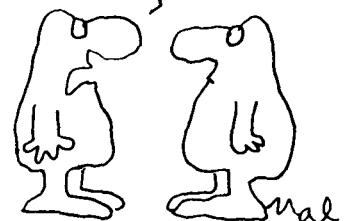
The perfumes of Arabia;
The scents from Gay Paree,
Will fail to sweeten Jimmy if
Inflation's up. Tee-hee.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Well, well, their new catalog is in Arabic!"

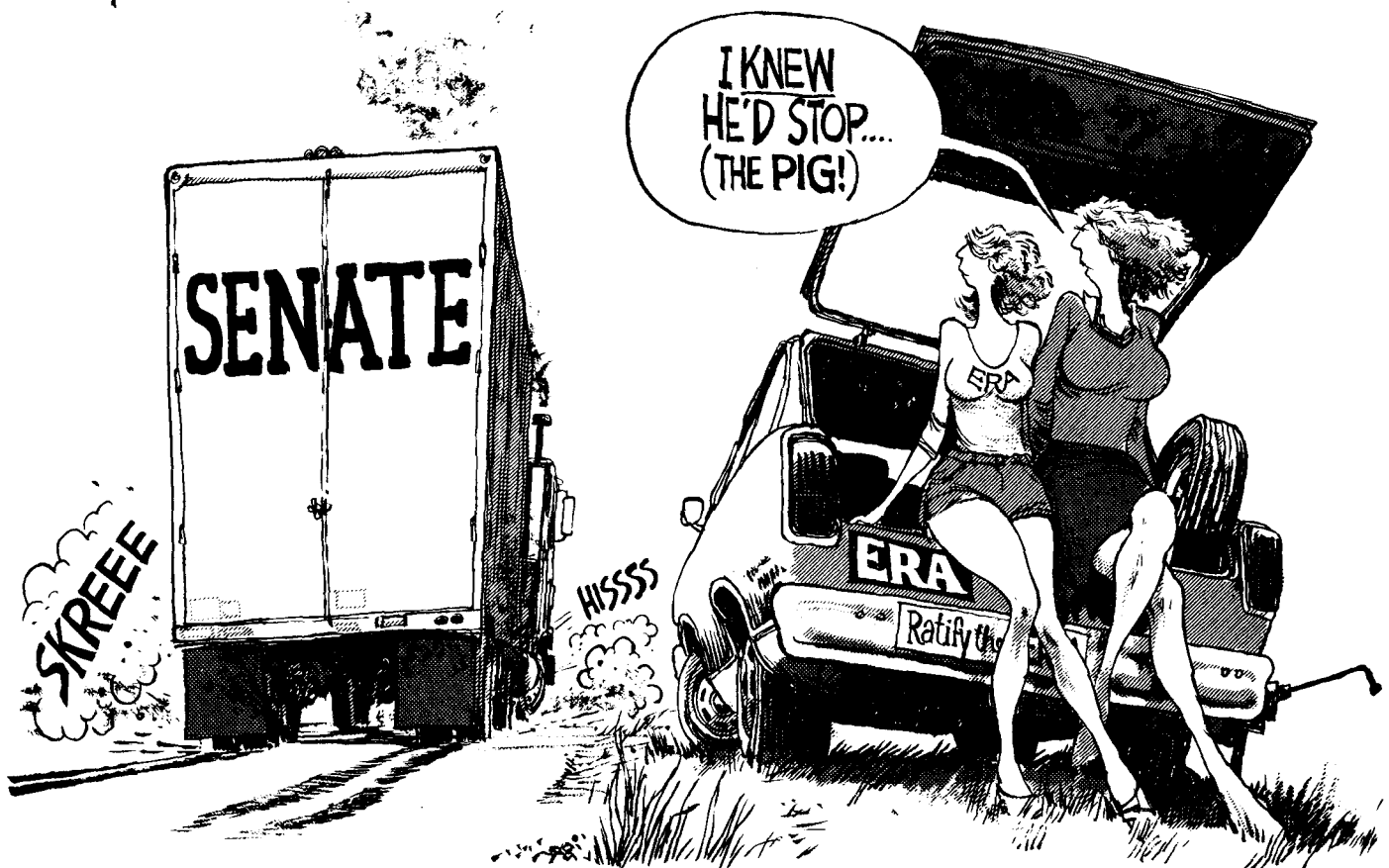


I WAS BORN A
STATISTIC....
I LIVE A
STATISTIC...
AND I'LL DIE A
STATISTIC!



"... Do you have to drink that glass of
lemon juice every morning?"

MACABE THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER
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A Story of Transitory Madness

DANIEL OLIVER

THE STAGE WAS SET this spring in Greenwich, Connecticut for a major rip-off of the taxpayers. If ever there were any doubts that federal programs tend to transfer wealth up the economic ladder, not down, they were demolished by the facts that emerged from the debate over a proposed public transit system for Greenwich.

Greenwich is the third—fourth—fifth—whatever—richest per capita town in the nation. Its disposable personal income is around \$36,000 per capitum. The town is laced with private roads, private enclaves, private police. Greenwich—the name is synonymous with wealth. Even a garbage man has an unlisted phone number. Out of a population of 65,000 there are only 111 families receiving aid to families with dependent children.

But like a character in a children's story, some people were not happy: everything was not enough. They desired—a transit system. And why not? It was, after all, free. Milton Friedman, call your office.

Free! Zippity doo dah—or rather, zippity umta. For it is UMTA—the Urban Mass Transit Act of 1964—that makes such transit boondoggles possible.

Under UMTA, the Federal Government—who?—will pay 80 per cent of the capital cost of a transit system, and up to 50 per cent of the operating costs. Funds for operating costs are channeled through a state agency—ConnDOT in Connecticut. ConnDOT pays 40 per cent of operating costs plus 50 per cent of any deficit, *plus*—not incidentally—the remaining 20 per cent of the capital costs. So of the start-up cost of over \$1.6 million estimated for the Greenwich system, Greenwich was to pay: zero. Irresistible. And of the estimated

annual operating deficit of \$1,238,000 Greenwich needed to pay only \$160,400. Irresistibilissime.

The problem started in 1974 when the town fathers created a Transit District to study whether the town needed a transit system. Many people had doubts about the project from the beginning but, assuming the idea would die a natural death, said nothing. That silence lulled the committed transit supporters into overestimating the demand for a system and underestimating the opposition. Four years later, when the date for the Representative Town Meeting (RTM) vote was in sight, too large an investment of time and money had been made for the leaders to take a second look. Attitudes had hardened. Minds were made up.

At Home in Greenwich

And First Selectman (that's yankee for Mayor) Ruth Sims—a Democrat (the town's first in 72 years) who had a few months earlier won in a second election after tying the sleepy Republican incumbent in the first—had been very vocal in favor of the transit proposal. She hoped to ride the issue to a state job that doesn't have to be translated from the yankee.

Basically, the proposal called for 22 of the world's most expensive minibuses, at \$55,000 each (foreign made, to make them feel at home on the roads with other Greenwich cars) and 26 bus shelters at \$8,000 each—plus the regular transit system paraphernalia: one control room radio at \$2,000; 22 vehicle radios at \$1,250 each; 22 fareboxes, \$250 each; and 12 system information stands at \$500 each.

Initially—and perhaps finally—money wasn't the prime concern. This was Greenwich. The system was promoted, and debated, on other grounds: alleviating the traffic problem, doing something about the energy crisis, helping the elderly, the handicapped, and

the “transit dependent.” But with so much benevolence being offered, someone was bound to become suspicious.

Questions began to be raised. About alleviating traffic. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so do automobiles. Traffic grows to congest the space available for it. People in Westport, Connecticut, which had developed a transit system only a few years earlier, reported that their system had delayed traffic growth by only a single year.

Besides, to the extent the system would serve the “transit dependent”—i.e., people who couldn't drive—there would be no reduction in the number of automobiles on the road.

And who are these people called “transit dependents?” Some are handicapped people, but many are just children under driving age or without wheels. In Westport, 72 per cent of the non-commuter riders turned out to be children. The official study claimed that only 35 to 40 per cent of Greenwich non-commuter riders would be children. But some people thought that since Greenwich already had an extensive school bus system—with the normal school bus safety features, which the transit system minibuses would lack—an additional system was unnecessary. So it was really Greenwich mothers who would be the beneficiaries of the transit system—if they wanted their children independent, able to hang out downtown after hours. One taxpayer suggested that the federal government should first provide a federal pool hall, and then the buses.

Dealing with the Feds

What about the elderly? “Elderly” in bureaucratese means anyone over 65. The elderly in Greenwich still play in tournaments. And the really elderly probably don't want to ride buses crowded with noisy children.

The threat of federal controls was also raised. The Transit Directors tried to dispel the worries by pointing out that Greenwich already accepts about \$10 million a year in federal grants and subsidies. But a sort of illegitimate federal bureaucracy, the Health Systems Agency, had recently suggested that the town's hospital might not be allowed to build its new wing—to be paid for entirely with private funds—if it didn't meet certain government criteria. And

Mr. Oliver lives in Greenwich, practices law in New York City, and rides a federally subsidized commuter train.

also that it might be required to transfer its pediatrics and obstetrics units to a Stamford, Connecticut hospital, which in turn would send alcoholism and mental disease to Greenwich. The citizens were justifiably suspicious of meddling bureaucrats and federal control.

Money? On close examination the cost turned out to be prohibitive. The Westport experience was revealing. An RTM member reported that in Westport the estimate of the deficit rose from an original guess of \$20,000, to a later figure of \$88,000, and a final estimate of \$140,000. The actual deficit was \$219,000, all told.

Playing the Numbers

It was always difficult to determine how many people would benefit from the system. In the official handout it was estimated that in the first year there would be 1,448,000 "paid riders." And the two Transit Directors claimed that in the "initial years" of operation "2,607,000 passengers" would be able to ride the buses. Not bad for a town of 65,000 souls. Think what the Transit Directors could do with loaves and fish.

What they meant was "passenger-rides." If Jones rides twice a day, five days a week, 46 weeks a year, that's 460 passenger-rides, but only one passenger. The question is how many Joneses are there?

One can only guess, again by looking at the figures from Westport which has half the population of Greenwich. One estimate was that the Greenwich system would carry 540 commuter riders, and 1,700 other riders. Again, it's hard to tell how many of those passenger-rides are made by the same passenger.

If, as was the case in Greenwich, a system is being touted for its benefits to the "elderly and other (non-youth) transit-dependent" the question is, how many are there?—the answer leading to the per capitum cost the taxpayers are being asked to bear. The answer in Greenwich was that about five per cent of the riders, say 325, would be "transit dependent." If the town's share only of the operating deficit were divided among them, each would get \$493. If the entire operating deficit were divvied up among them, each would receive \$3,800—each year.

In the end, the town fathers decided there must be a better way and, just six

days after the Proposition 13 victory in California, voted down the proposal for the public transit system.

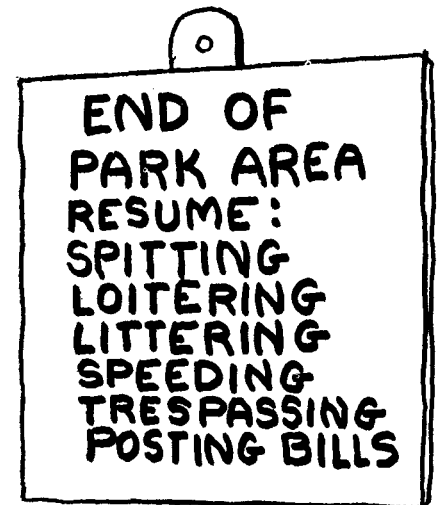
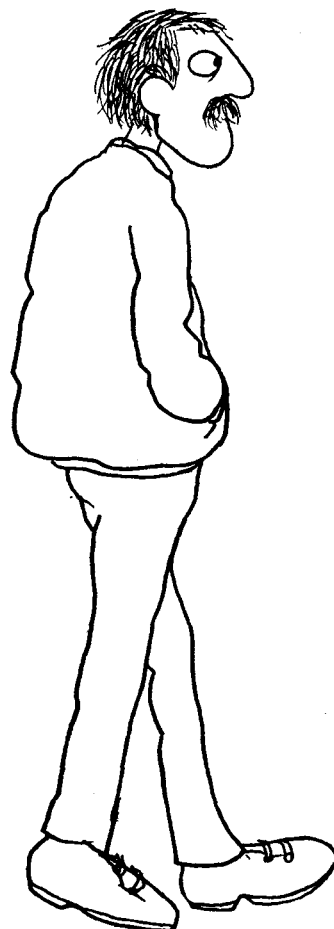
Mrs. Sims has vowed to fight on—for all that free money. Her philosophy, and that of two or three generations of Americans, was expressed by the two Transit Directors:

Perhaps the most unfortunate result of a negative vote on transit would be that over \$1 million of our federal and state taxes—dollars not now available and allocated to the proposed transit system—would be spent somewhere else.

That philosophy has nurtured UMTA's growth from a little government giveaway group, which in 1965 distributed \$60 million, to a swollen bureaucracy, which in 1976 shelled out \$1.9 billion. And has encouraged the growth in federal spending from \$118 billion in 1965 to Mr. Carter's coming \$500-billion budget with its \$60- or \$100-billion hole. And the growth in the percentage of GNP that the Federal

Government spends, from 17 per cent in 1965 to 22 per cent in 1976. A plethora of federal programs pervades the nation, busy transferring wealth as much up as down the downstaircase. That is why Proposition 13 Fever is spreading like plague on the politicians' houses.

The taxpayers' victory in Greenwich need not be seen as *sui generis* just because the townsfolk are rich. Notwithstanding their wealth, they understood: a) that however much the system appeared to be free, its cost would surface someday, on some tax bill in their mailboxes; b) that the system was not needed by the general population (or, at least, that the case in favor of it had not been convincingly made); and c) that as a welfare measure for a limited group of people the system was unnecessarily expensive—and very likely not the best measure anyway. Such is the beginning of political wisdom. For the moment at least, Greenwich has decided not to be taken for a free ride. Ruth Sims, call Milton Friedman. □



Gauke

Cuba: *The Untold Story*

Castro And the Peasants

FRANK CALZON

ONE FACT THAT surprises some of Castro's guests who have been permitted a glimpse of Cuba's work-camps and prison farms is the high number of peasants serving time for "political crimes." More than ten years ago, Lee Lockwood, an admirer of the regime, wrote after such a visit that "the majority of the internees are not men of urban backgrounds but *campesinos*, peasants from the mountains and the outlying areas . . . most serving terms from two to twenty years." The peasants' early enthusiasm for the revolution that was to "give land to the toilers," turned to suspicion, armed opposition, and passive resistance when the regime began to implement a ruthless agrarian policy along Soviet lines.

At the last Small Farmers Association Congress (May 1977), the government-controlled organization emphasized the need for discipline and increasing production. According to *Granma*, Cuba's official newspaper, the farmers unanimously resolved that "superior forms of production will be reached through the voluntary incorporation of the peasants and their lands to State enterprises."

How *voluntary* this incorporation of the few remaining farmers will be can be inferred from past peasant insurrections, and from the low production, chronic shortages, and rationing which

are signs of continuing peasant dissatisfaction.

In the earliest efforts to incorporate middle-sized farms into official agrarian plans, some ten thousand farmers were expropriated. "To thousands of law-abiding families evicted without warning," wrote Professor Maurice Halperin, "it appeared to be an act of arbitrary brutality." The reason given by the authorities, says Halperin, who saw the problem firsthand while living in Cuba, was that "kulaks were cooperating with . . . a guerrilla insurrection in the central provinces by disaffected peasants."

The expropriations provoked seven years of armed opposition. In Fidel's words:

. . . uprisings occurred mainly, though not exclusively, in the Escambray mountains . . . organized counter-revolutionary groups . . . existed all over the island . . . there were more than one thousand

armed bandits in the Escambray mountains alone . . . that struggle cost hundreds of millions of pesos and hundreds of lives . . .

Raúl Castro estimated that five hundred government soldiers died in order to kill or capture 3,591 "bandits." Writing in 1971, the British historian Hugh Thomas put the total slightly higher: "Minor guerrilla skirmishing has gone on most of the time in Oriente and other mountainous districts in an unsung war; rumors abound but probably at least four thousand *guerrilleros* have been killed since 1962."

Castro found a simple method of dealing with peasant unrest: thousands of peasants were sent to prisons and work-camps and their families were broken up and "enrolled" in "re-education" centers. A government guide told Ernesto Cardenal, another sympathetic observer of the revolution, "All those who were brought from Escambray say the same thing: that their only crime had been to refuse to be informers; that made them mutinous."

The government's "re-education" plans for peasant-prisoners thus also involve "re-education of their wives and children; relocation to other provinces; and in some cases a ban—similar to the Soviet practice of internal exile—against returning to their original villages. At the time of Lockwood's visit there were



Born in Cuba, Mr. Calzon now resides in Washington. He is the co-editor of Poetry and Politics in Cuba: The Padilla Affair. . . . Mrs. Smith went to Cuba as a bride in 1934 and left in 1961, after the Bay of Pigs invasion.

"more than one thousand campesino families in Plan Number Two":

Plan Number Two is strictly a female society . . . Boys upon reaching grade-school age, leave . . . to become *becados*, (scholarship students) . . . the peasant women spend most of their time being educated in one way or another. They are given careful instruction in how to dress themselves, in cooking, washing, housecleaning . . . Just as in prison camps where their husbands are, once or twice a week in the evening a plan instructor conducts informal political discussions with the women . . . the goal of all women, of course is to leave the plan and be reunited with their husbands. Unlike other plans, under Plan Number Two, families who complete rehabilitation may not return to their hometowns.

The Soviets have provided advice on how to deal with the "peasant problem." In March of 1973, a Soviet group led by Ivan Bodiul, First Secretary of the Moldavian Communist Party, visited the island. "Bodiul's experience," wrote Professors Morris Rothenberg and Leon Goure, two renowned Sovietologists, "goes back to the early postwar period and presumably he is considered an expert in dealing with the transformation of private farm economies to collective ones."

In Cuba, the government makes no distinctions in the enforcement of its ban against the bartering of fresh vegetables or poultry for the manufactured goods more easily available to the urban dweller. In this respect, Cuba's agrarian decrees seem to be stricter than those enforced in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. The selling of produce outside the government's framework is considered "black marketing," a very serious offense as described by Castro:

Those individuals who engage in black market operations should be made the object of political work. And the incorrigible ones should be deprived of all their rights and be treated as class enemies.

Commenting on the problem of converting the Cuban farmers to the official orthodoxy, a Soviet commentator said in 1973 that "their involvement in the Party presents sizable difficulties."

Further evidence of difficulties in the agrarian sector was provided by René Dumont, a French socialist who worked as a consultant on Castro's develop-

ment policies. He mentions one case in his book *Is Cuba Socialist?*: "A young sentinel guarding some new rice plantings had one night let cows graze amidst them, and Castro wanted to have him shot. He was restrained with difficulty by being reminded that the grazing would in fact encourage the plant growth. Once over his rage, he agreed to have the sentence changed to 15 years in a prison farm."

A similar case surfaced in the *Washington Post's* editorial page last May when a letter written by Miguel Groero, a Cuban peasant serving time in Havana prison, reached the White House. "The emphasis that you and your government have placed on the defense of human rights," he wrote President Carter, "has moved me to address these lines to you."

He told Carter that although his sentence expired on March 15, his prison term was being extended because he refused to participate in the government's political re-education plan. "As I find myself reaching the 15 years' period to which I was condemned in 1962, I am informed that, because I have not accepted the "rehabilitation" plan imposed by the regime—a plan that includes semi-slave labor, political indoctrination and other humiliating and arbi-

The results of Castro's policies have been twofold: low productivity and food shortages; and thousands of peasants serving time in jail

trary dispositions—I will be again punished on the basis of dangerousness. . . . I am still young and life is precious to me, . . . but I am not afraid of death."

Castro's policy has been directed to the elimination of the private farmer and the punishment of those who fail to obey government decrees. The results have been twofold: low productivity and food shortages; and thousands of peasants serving time in prisons and work-camps. Government calls for greater discipline, increased productivity, and the "transformation of the present production forms into superior forms of production and cooperation" only underscore the continuing passive resistance of Cuba's *campesinos*. □

Cuba Revisited

LOUISE F. SMITH

MY HUSBAND'S FAMILY moved to Cuba during the War of Independence (1895-1898). I first went to Cuba as a bride in 1931. Last year I went back. A friend of my husband called from New Orleans saying that the *MTS Daphne*, the first boat to go to Cuba from the U.S. since 1961, would sail on May 15, and he invited me to go along with him and his wife.

Many of the passengers had signed up for the jazz festival at sea. We had good concerts on ship, and in Havana the musicians joined the Cuban jazz players for a concert at the National Theater. The Americans thought the Cubans were the best jazz players they had ever played with.

The approach to Havana by sea is a memorable experience. Morro Castle, the Old City, the Palace, the parks were unbelievably beautiful. There were many happy children along the sea front waving. I stood on the deck and watched and wept.

We docked at the San Francisco Wharf in a harbor filled up with ships. I counted 14 waiting for a berth—all Russian. Our dock was in good condition, unlike the others. All tours are run by the government through Cubatur. We had a new air-conditioned bus and were driven through the tunnel to East Havana. In four hours we visited nothing but the low-cost-housing center of Alamar—a showpiece built by the workers of Cuba with donated time. Some day it will have over 25,000 apartments.

Our first night was spent in Hotel Nacional, a cool, tropical starry night in the gardens, with Cuban music (no one has changed the rhythm). When I walked to the lobby, everything around it was drab, like an aged relic. Next morning our tour started at Cathedral Plaza, in Old Havana, where everything was in good condition and the guide gave an accurate account of Cuban history.

I left the tour and walked up Obispo

and O'Reilly Streets. The contrast was unbelievable: everything was closed, no shops—just decaying buildings, a few of them used for homes. The people were friendly but sad. One man whispered, "Come back Americans, we like you." I wanted to talk to them, but it's dangerous—for them and for you. We then drove up the Prado where, again, all shops were closed, even the old American Club; everything deserted, decaying. It didn't seem real.

We passed the old Capitol. The guide gave its history and added that it had been built by the American firm "Purdy Henderson." Then on to Revolution Plaza, where most of the rallies are held, and to Colon Cemetery. I left the group and tried to find the American section, but I could not. As we drove along 23rd Street, I looked for something familiar but could recognize nothing. We went to Rio Cristal—a river with a waterfall, an elaborate park with palms and bamboo, and many restaurants. The tourists thought it beautiful and were told, "It used to be a club for wealthy Americans, but now it belongs to the people."

That evening we were all taken to Tropicana. It now has three stages and four orchestras. Dancers, singers, actors, and chorus put on a two-hour show with superb lighting and costumes. I

We were given a table in the center of the restaurant. I asked twice for another table and was told no; so we knew it was bugged

saw no Cubans there, but I understand that they are sometimes taken there as a "work award."

I was told not to go off on my own, but so many passengers left the tours to try to see something unprogrammed that I did, too. From the public telephone in the Hotel Nacional I called an associate of my husband and arranged to meet him for lunch. We were given a table in the center of the restaurant. I asked twice for another table and was told no; so we knew it was bugged and did most of our talking later as we walked in the garden down toward the sea.

Getting a taxi at the Hotel Nacional was difficult. The driver had never heard of Reparto Miramar or Fifth Avenue



(Quinta Avenida). We drove along the Malecón, which was wide and in good condition; then we drove past my old home. It was deserted, rundown. All the houses in the block were the same. We tried going to the old Country Club, up the road where my husband's father had lived. The trees were enormous, and I couldn't see the houses for the jungle. The streets were clean but the whole area seemed deserted—eerie, unreal. We couldn't find a road to the old Country Club, and, as the driver seemed agitated, I thought it best to return.

Cuba, I observed, is still a police state. I wanted to call on employees of my husband but was advised not to, as they would be questioned about me. The CDR (Committee of Informers) on every block are active and efficient. Every minute I was not with the tourist group I felt I was being watched.

No one knows how many political prisoners there are in Cuba—perhaps 3,000, perhaps 20,000. Neither the International Red Cross nor any other organization has been allowed to see them. I understand that those in Cabaña Fortress recently have been moved from that dungeon to prisons that at least have sun and air.

All food is rationed. People who complain about it are often arrested and put in jail. Most Cubans can't afford the restaurants. Clothes are also rationed. A man is allowed one pair of pants or one shirt a year, and one pair of shoes; a woman gets one dress or three yards of material, and one pair of shoes.

All agreed that education and free medical treatment are great improvements. But everyone is disturbed by the economy; and the Cubans are also very unhappy that their young men are being sent to Africa.

On the voyage back to Nassau, we had aboard ship an expert on Cuban affairs, Professor Margaret Crahan of New York University, who spoke to the passengers and the press. We were told repeatedly how much better things are in Cuba today than before Castro; that the political prisoners are treated much better than in Chile; that stories of food rationing were exaggerated; that one could get fresh fruit; and on and on. After an hour and a half, I could take no more. I stood up and said, "I am an American. I lived in Cuba 27 years and I have just seen some old friends and this is what they told me"; and I gave them facts. At that, the press rushed up and wanted to interview me. I kept refusing—people's lives would be in danger. Four Cuban-American citizens, who had been detained by Immigration but were finally given permission to visit their families, sought me out to tell me how much they appreciated my speaking up. "No one else gave the facts, especially our Cuban expert." I was concerned for my Cuban friends until I got word a few days after my return that all was well with them.

I wish I could have done more and seen more people. I wish we all could do more for the political prisoners. Although it was sad for anyone who knew another Cuba, I would go again. □

An Autumn Miscellany

Notes from the Road

JAMES BURNHAM

FOR SEVERAL DECADES my wife, a dog or two, and I have driven here and there—usually in the mid-Atlantic states, the nearer South, and the Ohio valley—during the autumnal pre-election weeks of each even-numbered year. The clearest impression I formed during our 1978 round was that public interest in this November's ballot is at an all-time low.

Huge sums of money are being spent on the congressional sweepstakes, especially by and for some of the Republican candidates; in the media there are acres of printed political ads and centuries of talking political ads; there are hundreds of meetings for job-holders, hangers-on, and relatives; campaign appeals are chugging through the mails by the tens of millions; but from the average citizen this rolling barrage doesn't seem to evoke much more than a yawn and a change of subject.

A smaller proportion of eligible citizens votes in our elections than in any other election-holding nation, democratic or authoritarian, and this year it may be the smallest yet. In three weeks of wandering I never heard or overheard an argument or even a discussion about the election, except a few that I initiated. It is not that the citizens are indifferent to political issues. About some issues they have strong feelings—right now, about inflation, taxes, and bureaucratic intrusions. I think the lack of interest in the election comes from a deepening skepticism about both of our parties and about the candidates they offer us—skepticism about their competence and their integrity. Given the record of recent years, we citizens would have to be very naïve or very stupid not to have developed at least a smudge of skepticism.

This attitude of skeptical indifference favors incumbents, making us rather bear those rascals we have than fly to others that we know not of. November 7 looks bleak for last spring's Republican hopes for big off-year gains in congress and governors' mansions.

Here and there a dynamic candidate accepts the skepticism and rides with it against the wall of indifference. Perhaps the most interesting example in the re-

gion we examined is Pittsburgh's mayor, Peter Flaherty, in his bid for the Senate. Flaherty has not only run his campaign in his own way but has deliberately and publicly snubbed the Democratic Party whose candidate he officially is. On the day Vice President Mondale came to town for the party's major campaign rally and fund-raising dinner, Flaherty took off for New England and let the media send his regrets. It's a variation of Jerry Brown's triumphant strategy in California that is sweeping poor Evelle Younger into the dustbin.

Thanks, But No Thanks

Second among the impressions I carried home was what seemed to be a special sort of ongoing racial resegregation. I know how arbitrary and slippery one's own impressions are, but they are what everyone must start with, and I've often enough found they test out more accurately than reams of statistics. I can report as fact: We lodged at standard motels and a couple of State Park resorts; ate at standard restaurants and fast-fooderies; drank at standard bars. There was not a single black customer at any of these stations. There was no legal barrier, and no economic barrier beyond the range of many blacks; but there were no blacks present and accounted for. Nor were there at two rather fascinating tourist traps that caught us (Mabry Mill on the Blue Ridge Parkway and the Weston, Pennsylvania Craft Village). At the superb new East Wing of the National Gallery, nearly all attendants and guards are black, but there were few blacks among the visitors, except for some groups of schoolchildren; none among the visitors at Richmond's admirable Art Museum.

I found this observation especially striking because I had noticed (and written about in previous Notes of this series) on similar trips the last few years a seeming trend toward a more numerous black presence in, particularly, the impersonal installations of our age, like Holiday Inns, chain feeding places, and larger museums. This sort

of voluntary resegregation may be an extension of the shift predicted by the distinguished black scholar, Sir Arthur Lewis, to a two-phase social structure, integrated during the workday and segregated after 5 P.M.

This and That

Among us intellectuals, environmentalism is a subject for ideological debate about the nature of nature, limits of growth, animal rights, progress, people v. wilderness, etc. At lunch in the environs of Knoxville with the co-owner of a prosperous construction firm, I learned how environmentalism looks to the construction business. We were in his new house on an acre-plus lot in a new development with eighty houses up and two hundred fifty to go, in the countryside west of Knoxville, where the action is.

I had seen, getting there, that this development, itself a large spread, had thousands of fairly empty acres round and about. As a countryman myself, I asked my host about the well and septic system he had put in for life on this frontier. He cheerfully explained that there were no such troubles in our enlightened age. He and his neighbors dotted here and there on the hilly land were all linked to brand new water mains teeming with fresh water and with admirable sewage systems connected to some far off center. "All paid for," he explained, "by the EPA. Part of their anti-pollution program. The boom out here—and it's a real boom, believe me—would have been absolutely impossible without the millions and millions from EPA. The costs would have been out of sight. No construction or development outfit would have dreamed of moving in. Nobody could have afforded what houses would have cost."

And if you want to know why coal strikes are unlike any other strikes, try a drive through the mountain coal country of eastern Kentucky. "The worst road in the world," the owner of the West Virginia pizza parlor, where we had made port, commented when we told him whence we had emerged. □

Books Arts & Manners

So Close and Yet So Far

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

The Latin Americans: Their Love-Hate Relationship with the United States

By Carlos Rangel

Harcourt Brace, 302 pp., \$11.95

"Poor Mexico," Porfirio Díaz was wont to lament, between bouts of pummeling the peons and inviting fresh Gringo capital investment, ". . . so far from God, and so close to the United States." In some ways, Don Porfirio's complaint applies to all of Spanish America. Perplexed and eclipsed by the prosperity, strength, and stability of the northern giant, many of our southern neighbors—especially the members of their large and often parasitic intelligentsia—are crippled by a nearly insoluble emotional dilemma. Either they must hate the United States for doing so much better than themselves, or they must hate themselves for doing so much worse than we in areas as diverse as health, commerce, education, basic human rights, international prestige, and scientific and artistic achievement.

The result of this unhappy situation has been a destructive, self-reinforcing pattern of what Venezuelan author and commentator Carlos Rangel has called "Compensation through Myth." In the introduction to this penetrating and splendidly written new study, *The Latin Americans*, Mr. Rangel gets to the heart of the matter with a brutal clarity that has probably made him a marked man in fashionable literary circles south of the border:

Human societies confronted with the achievements of rival societies will tend to emulate them or to deprecate the values that have made them possible and that they envy. If they have tried the way of emulation and failed, they may seek consolation in mythology that will explain their own failure and hold out the prospect of some miraculous future reversal of action. This is the case in Latin America.

The lengths to which the truth is distorted to fit the myth must simultaneously amaze, amuse, and depress even casual students of Latin American history. In Mexico, for example, the pre-Columbian past is officially glorified—even though the present-day descendants of Mexico's original inhabitants remain at the bottom of the socio-economic

ladder, many in rural poverty approaching serfdom. The idealization of the Aztecs is particularly absurd in that this crude, blood-thirsty warrior race was hated by almost all the other native groups which it conquered and despoiled. Were it not for the thousands of Indians who flocked to Hernán Cortes' banner—not because he was perceived to be a White God, but because he offered them leadership in a war of liberation against the Aztecs—the conqueror of New Spain would probably have fallen in one of his first mainland skirmishes. As it was, for every conquistador who fought against the Aztecs there were hundreds—sometimes thousands—of Indian allies.

In the case of the other highly vaunted pre-Columbian civilization, the Inca Empire, the multitude of overworked, undernourished Inca peasants (slaves of the land by any civilized

standards) sat by passively rather than help their tyrannical warrior and clerical overlords against a handful of Spaniards who would have been swamped pretty quickly by anything approaching a "people's resistance." Nevertheless, in their emotional shunning of Yankee and European values, many Latin American educators, artists, and politicians continue to glamorize what Mr. Rangel has labeled the "myth of the noble savage," which, in turn, has led in our time to the myth of the noble revolutionary. At one point, Mexican archaeologists even went to considerable effort and expense in an unsuccessful attempt to prove that Hernán Cortes, a rather handsome, athletic *caballero* whatever his character flaws, was actually a deformed hunchback—in which manner he is still represented in tacky, government-subsidized murals of the Diego Rivera school.

A more recent and more dangerous manifestation of the Latin American neurosis has been the tendency of intellectual and political leaders to identify their countries and their culture with Third World revolution rather than with Western democracy. Better to be



Aram Bakshian Jr. is a communications manager with Union Carbide and a frequent contributor to NR. . . . M. E. Bradford's latest book is *A Better Guide than Reason*. . . . David Brudnoy is the host on New England's leading radio talk show, on WHDH (ABC). . . . George Gilder is the author of *Sexual Suicide and Visible Man*. He is currently working on a book about the welfare system.

a comparatively wealthy, sophisticated uncle to downtrodden Africans than a backward, threadbare stepchild of Europe and America, the rationale seems to run.

Having outlined the neurosis, Mr. Rangel proceeds to analyze the causes. What, he asks, is at the root of Latin America's failure? The seeds of disaster were planted long before independence. Whereas North America was settled by Anglo-Saxon small holders, merchants, and magistrates, Latin America was colonized by plunderers turned rancheros—greedy soldiers and adventurers who left a declining Spanish motherland seeking neither freedom nor hard work, but the chance to grab quick riches by running mines or plantations staffed with slave labor. The result was a privileged class with most of the charms and all of the vices of the old American South—but one which still exists, whereas Dixie, following the Civil War, slowly reconstructed itself in the image of the North.

IN LATIN AMERICA “independence” meant not freedom, but the dominance of the Creole hierarchy which, for practical reasons, had been held in check by the Spanish Crown. And, almost from the moment independence was achieved, the history of Latin America becomes the history of the squabbles within this Creole ascendancy. From Bolívar on, almost every Latin American leader of vision and stature has fallen casualty to its selfishness and jealousies. Rule by law—despite dozens of constitutions on American and European models—has always been the exception, and charismatic caudillos have nearly always been more popular than democratic reformers, whether the *jefe* in question is an unabashed barbarian like Rosas of Argentina or Francia of Paraguay, a muddle of fascism and populism like Perón, or a mouthier of Marxist slogans like Castro.

This process, Mr. Rangel points out, was fully developed long before the U.S. began to intervene in Latin Amer-

ican affairs on a large scale; U.S. intervention was largely a result—not a cause—of the failure of independent Latin America to evolve into a stable, productive area capable of governing and protecting itself from foreign interference.

The picture Mr. Rangel so colorfully renders is a depressing one, although the canvas is not without its share of heroic figures. Bolívar was undoubtedly one of the great men of the nineteenth century, but he ultimately despaired of anything good coming out of Latin American independence and died convinced that those who serve the revolution “plough the sea.” More recently, parliamentary reformers of the Christian Democratic and Social Democratic strain have gained some laudable results, but their fragile achievements, where they have survived at all, are still liable to easy reversal at the hands either of the military or the revolutionaries.

“Brazil, Mexico, and Venezuela have shown, in different ways, that it is possible to define new ways of being Latin American without either submitting to or confronting the United States,” Mr. Rangel concludes. “However, because of Latin American society’s psychological need to compensate for its feelings and past experiences of inferiority and humiliation caused by the United States, it may be excessive to hope that all Latin American countries will be able to bury that resentment and forget those frustrations, or even to limit themselves to externalizing them in rhetoric, like the Mexicans. . . . That is why, following Cuba, other Latin American countries may seek salvation in anti-North American revolution, hoping to find in such a complete break a resolution of their unhappy love-hate relationship with the United States.”

One hopes not, but the growing burden of evidence points toward Mr. Rangel’s informedly pessimistic view—and makes his courageous, lucid, and entertaining book all the more important reading. □

Welfare

By Martin Anderson

Hoover Press, 251 pp., \$10

DEBAUCHING THE POOR

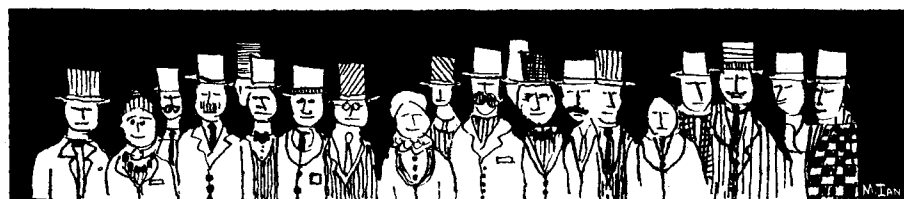
GEORGE GILDER

Like any dominion in its decadence, the social sciences today are rich in the rococo. Ripening on the campuses, sweeping through the media, and overflowing into our politics are the improbable findings of overwrought research in behalf of absurd doctrine (the gaiety of perversion, the stimulating effects of taxes, the obsolescence of moral law, the destructiveness of sex roles), all delphically expounded and blindly elaborated, and ever more widely held, no matter how self-evidently foolish.

Conservatives usually resist these fancies. But in recent years some have begun to capitulate, looking yearningly toward each bandwagon as it passes, following warily until it slows down, and then clambering aboard just before it collapses. The usual rationale is to save us from some horror more extreme: to avoid Bella Abzug, we are to embrace Betty Ford and the Equal Rights Amendment; to escape George McGovern, we are to exult in Daniel Patrick Moynihan and his Family Assistance Plans; to confound Marxism, we are to celebrate Keynesianism (as in President Nixon’s statement, “We are all Keynesians now,” which preceded a mass flight from Keynes and from the dollar).

I know this rhetoric of rationalization well; I wrote it for years. Now Martin Anderson, in his powerful polemic, *Welfare*, wants to save us from radical proposals for a guaranteed income, by defending the present welfare system. One reads, agape: “The ‘dismal failure’ of welfare is a myth. . . . In terms of essentials . . . it has been a smashing, total success.” He even maintains that after the passage of a few reforms—most of them already in effect in many states—the benefits can be substantially increased without bad results.

Part of his problem is an absurd reverence for one of the silliest of all the ideas of present-day social sci-



ence: the notion of "public opinion," as registered in detailed polls. Anderson bows and scrapes before every shred of "data" from a Gallup or Harris or Roper poll, as if "what the American people believe" in their majesty resides in these spectral statistics, distilling into homogeneous sums the widest gamut of knowledge and feeling. And the questions themselves, although utterly simplistic, nonetheless, for the average respondent, embody his greatest input of information on the subject, often determining his answer by their shape and feel.

Anderson wastes a chapter of this short work poring over polls which, in his view, show that the people want a generous welfare program, if it is reformed to eliminate cheating and to require work by able-bodied men. Cuts in real benefits are "politically impossible," he concludes, although they happen every day as a result of inflation, and although all the polls actually show is that, as on most issues, the "people" are for everything at once: more benefits, less spending, more efficiency, honesty, work, and thrift. It is all about as scientific and definitive as astrology, and less fun.

IN THE PAST, Anderson has risen far above this kind of credulity. It was not obvious to many of us in 1962, when he wrote *The Urban Bulldozer*, that "urban renewal would scarcely renew a city block, let alone a city, that it would worsen housing conditions for the very people it set out to help, that it would destroy four homes, most of them occupied by blacks, for every home it built—most of them to be occupied by middle- and upper-income whites." This work was a revelation in the early Sixties, a brilliant shaft of conservative research during a time when the claims of the welfare state often seemed to sweep all before them, intellectually as well as politically.

In many respects, *Welfare* is as good a book, and as greatly needed. Anderson's explanation of the devastating work disincentives in proposed "radical welfare reform" programs is unsurpassed in the literature, and he is lucid and incisive in his analysis of the high marginal tax rates created in the lower brackets by a combination of welfare, food stamps, Medicaid, public housing, and the new earned income credit.

Nonetheless, in his own proposals for a different kind of "reform"—

RANDOM NOTES

■ **LEFT OVER FROM OCTOBER:** Anthony Burgess' *England in the full flower* of its dystopia bears little resemblance to Orwell's. In *1985* (Little, Brown, \$8.95), London is awash with Arabs and sadistic gangs of young people who hang out in dives to study Latin grammar.

■ **MORE NOVEMBER TITLES:** Günter Grass's *The Flounder* (Harcourt Brace, \$10.95) looks no more enjoyable than any of his other work. . . . Larry McMurry, author of *The Last Picture Show*, is publishing a new novel, *Somebody's Darling* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95). The scene this time round is Hollywood, not Texas. . . . Iris Murdoch's latest is *The Sea, the Sea* (Viking, \$10.95).

Daniel Patrick Moynihan's *A Dangerous Place* (Little, Brown, \$12.50), written with Suzanne Weaver, is an account of his forays, via the UN and the ambassadorship to India, into the global jungles (by no means confined to the subequatorial regions). . . . Coming from Bishop

chiefly a crackdown on fraud and enforcement of child support—he shows little comprehension of the social calamity already wreaked on the poor by the current system. Mesmerized by numbers, he believes that welfare has effectively "eliminated poverty," because 94 per cent of the American people have moved above "the poverty line." But in fact it is becoming increasingly obvious that welfare has greatly expanded and intensified poverty and that poverty has nothing to do with those inane numbers which treat redistribution as economic progress.

What actually happened during the late Sixties and early Seventies was a catastrophic enlargement of the welfare rolls that halted in its tracks an ongoing improvement in the lives of the poor and left instead a debris of broken families, demoralized workers, and drug-ridden teenagers. The fact that these people have far more income than they had before, despite doing nothing whatsoever to earn it, makes the situation worse, not better. As William F. Buckley Jr. has said, poverty is a state of mind, not of income. The key ways of overcoming this state of mind are marriage and work, which are precisely the activities that welfare virtually prohibits.

The real work problem, however, is not the one that Anderson emphasizes:

Abel T. Muzorewa: *Rise Up and Walk: An Autobiography* (Abingdon, \$9.95). There is heavy emphasis on the signing of the Salisbury Agreement, shortly perhaps to fall on its face. . . . David Irving has another Hitler book ready: *The War Path: Hitler's Germany 1933-1939* (Viking, \$15). *Caveat lector*, as John Lukacs would say. Or, to put first things first, *Caveat emptor*. . . . In *The Last Half-Century: Societal Change and Politics in America* (University of Chicago, \$25), Morris Janowitz attributes the weakening of political legitimacy since the Second World War to the formation of self-contained social groups, many of them unrelated to traditional social strata and each with its peculiar set of parochial loyalties and interests.

Andrew Porter's music criticism is reprinted from *The New Yorker* in *Music of Three Seasons: 1974-77* (Farrar, \$17.50). . . . François Mathéy's *American Realism: A Cultural Perspective from the Eighteenth Century to the Present* (Rizzoli, \$45 to December 31, \$50 thereafter) is a somewhat unsympathetic book by the Curator of the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris.

the refusal of welfare mothers to take jobs. Nor is it the rejection of jobs by the relatively few men receiving "general assistance" or getting aid under the ADC-UP (unemployed parents) program in twenty states. The problem is hundreds of thousands of men who are not on welfare, not listed on the welfare rolls, and not affected by any of the welfare reforms and crackdowns Anderson recommends: men who subsist on the welfare system without joining it, who live off welfare mothers without marrying them.

The other problem is the hundreds of thousands of fatherless teenaged boys, undisciplined by adult men, who grow up in the streets with no idea of how to work, study, or marry. These boys do far worse in school than their sisters, and the boys' IQs, as Thomas Sowell has pointed out, are drastically lower, though IQs of boys and girls are about equal in the rest of society. These fatherless boys also commit a high proportion of all the violent crime in America and are the main reason why ghetto housing and schooling are universally considered "bad" despite the years and billions spent in improving them.

Anderson points to the California reforms of 1973 as the model for a national program and the hope for the

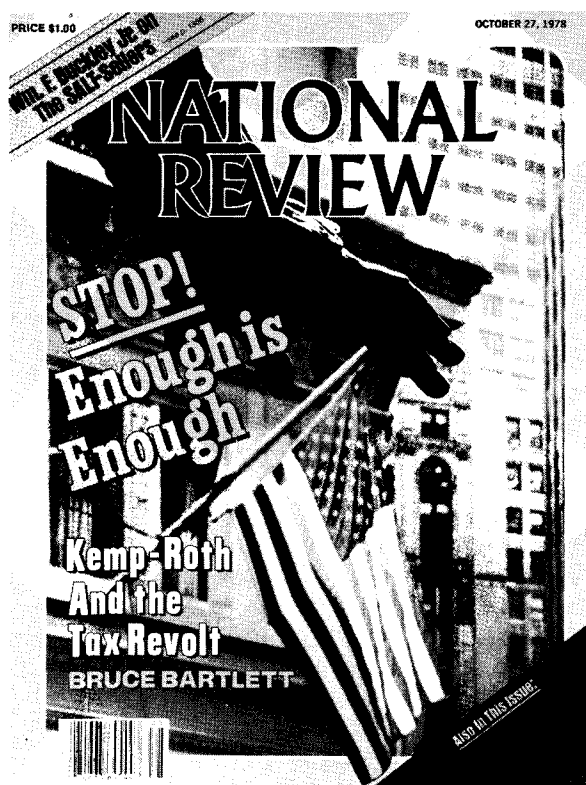
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future. State officials cracked down on fraud, spent a lot of money extracting support from indentifiable fathers of welfare children, and generally restricted access to the system. Then, having carefully repaired the structure, closed the barn door, installed sophisticated new locks and alarms, and placed a guard in front, they calmly proceeded to set it all on fire. They indexed the system to the rate of inflation, thus preventing the only kind of welfare reform that actually does any good, namely the lowering of benefits to a level which does not induce mothers of small children to avoid marriage or evict their husbands in order to qualify for payments.

The result today is that despite Jerry Brown's belief, quoted approvingly by Anderson, that the reforms are "holding up well," California now has the worst welfare problem in the country, with per capita monthly benefits only one dollar below New York's and with a higher percentage of state and local revenues going to welfare than anywhere else except Massachusetts. All the crackdowns mean is that California tends to be harsher on the few honest women who make the mistake of complicating their applications with any admitted link (through marriage or otherwise) to a working man.

People are not statistical units; they learn from experience. By cracking down and changing the rules, a state can achieve a temporary numerical improvement. But as long as the benefits remain too high, the women readjust their lives and applications to qualify for them, and men arraigned for child support simply learn to leave their jobs and enter the growing economy of unreported cash, or covertly live off welfare mothers.

If Anderson is interested in alternatives, he need only turn to the South, where benefits tend to be less than half as high as in California and where since the mid-Sixties the employment and marriage rates have been much higher among the poor. Nor is it true that low benefits drive the poor to the Northern cities. In fact, migrants from the South are less likely to go on welfare than native Northerners, and the migration is now beginning to go in the other direction. In general, Anderson has written a fine polemic against

a guaranteed annual income and against President Carter's welfare reform proposals, but, like the rest of those who believe in HEW's statistics, he understands little about the way the system debauches the poor. □

AMERICANA

Daniel Webster

By Irving H. Bartlett

Norton, 333 pp., \$12.95

BUFF AND BLUE

M. E. BRADFORD

With the transformation of their regnant myths in a crucible of civil war, Americans of the previous century became estranged from the first two generations of our national leadership. Indeed, these temperate paragons had become, in some respects, an embarrassment, particularly in the old Puritan commonwealths of New England. And since 1865, the barrier separating most Americans from these men has done anything but diminish.

However, it is a distortion of New England's intellectual history to forget—as the official keepers of that region's identity have encouraged us to do—that in the years before 1860, many of its principal men drew back in horror from any rhetoric which would disturb the

accommodation of the sections—the amity which had made a union of the states possible in the first place. Instead

of Robert C. Winthrop, the record as revised holds up Theodore Parker for our admiration. Instead of Edward Everett, Thoreau. And who, among those who have learned to reverence Charles Sumner, will be able to account for Rufus Choate?

It is therefore a hopeful sign that we are now presented with a new and substantial biography of Massachusetts' most important antebellum statesman, the olympian Daniel Webster. For, as Professor Bartlett tells us, Webster was the self-conscious guardian of the older, pre-abolitionist patriotism of New England, the tradition of John Adams. And in that role, he was perceived by the

heirs of the early Federalists to be an almost "godlike figure." It is the pity of things that he left no successor.

We have, of course, an authorized version of Webster's life and influence that has been current since 1850. I refer to what Bartlett calls the legend of "Black Dan." The difficulty with this account is that it originated in the partisan Ramistic caricatures produced by his most perfervid and radical adversaries, from the swaggering moral gasconade of Wendell Phillips to the self-righteous effrontery of Whittier's "Ichabod." The Freesoilers and "conscience Whigs" could not answer Webster's arguments in his 1850 speech supporting the compromise of Mr. Clay. Therefore they whispered about his relations with his Negro cook and made cartoons about his fondness for the bottle, or claimed that Southerners had "bought" his vote—acts typical of their manner of proceeding against any public man who stood in their way.

YET, THOUGH he deplored slavery throughout his life, Webster was no "lost leader" when he insisted that no man's conscience should be above the terms of the Compact, refused to "do evil that good may come," and mockingly asked of William Seward, "How high is the higher law?" For in his moral lexicon there was never a political imperative of greater authority than the Constitution of 1789. And whatever he personally felt to be the moral right or wrong on a given subject, if it were not within the scope of that instrument, it could not be a topic for political discussion—not if our statesmen were to "treat one another with respect." For he recognized in 1850-52 that mutual respect would be necessary if secession were not to come, and, after secession, civil war. Try as he might, though, he was unable to persuade certain Northern leaders to see a violation of the Federalist prescription in their campaign talks of making the nation "all one thing or all the other" through election results in their own states.

The "old Union of the Fathers" which Webster spoke of was, of course, not precisely the Union honored by Tyler or Calhoun or Franklin Pierce. Heirs of the Antifederalist tradition were put off by Webster's tariff and his banks. Nor could they approve the great sums collected by State Street to sustain the Squire of Marshfield in his



If you are a...

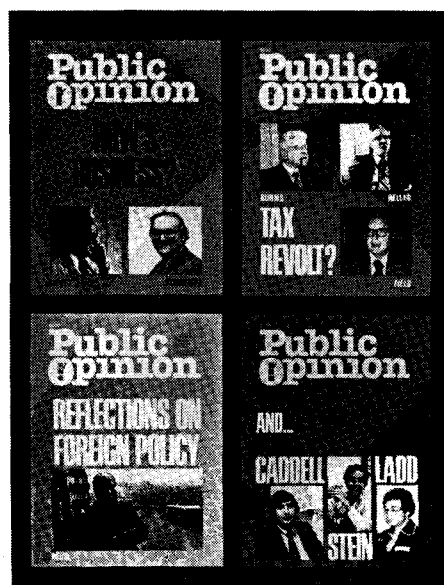
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accustomed style of life. (Though at least, in those days, Massachusetts got the quality for which it paid.) Like the Adams Federalists, Webster had a positive, mildly paternal view of the functions of the state. Yet his was a position with which Democrats could co-exist, even if they opposed his bills. Not so the position of Sumner and Seward—even for the Union's sake.

In an era devoid of magnanimity and regard for constitutional limitation, it is a salutary experience to visit Webster's world. This book gives us a sense of his importance to the life of the Republic. As Bartlett suggests, it was out of Webster's teaching that a generation of Northern men and boys laid down their lives. And with that teaching in mind, even an unreconstructed Southerner can come closer to understanding why. To divide the country was to lose the prospect of something providential, momentous, and even majestic—though, as Webster warned, to keep it whole by force was itself a forfeiture equally grave. (In 1812, we should remember, he had been a potential secessionist himself.) It is for these reasons that the figure of Daniel Webster, clad in the old-fashioned buff and blue, still looms up in the pages of our common history, still implores us, "Hear me for my cause." Given the terms surrounding his request, we cannot say him nay. For of such political civility, which is always the substance of the national bond, we are sorely in need. □

Margaret Fuller: From Transcendentalism to Revolution

By Paula Blanchard

Delacorte Press, 370 pp., \$11.95

HE-WOMAN

DAVID BRUDNOY

"I accept the Universe."

—Margaret Fuller

"By Gad, she'd better!"

—Thomas Carlyle

The life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli contained many of the same elements as Emily Dickinson's: a spare, sheltered upbringing; timidity in matters of the heart, and the attendant unrequited love; brilliance, and an education beyond that routinely accepted by her age

for those of her sex; private writings that were less touching to her generation than to ours. But Emily Dickinson succumbed to her lot, accepted her world's suppression of female aspiration, while Margaret Fuller crept out from under the shadow, grasped a prominent place in her circle of ethereal Transcendental friends, and leapt far beyond those she left behind in the quiet woods surrounding Boston. She was one of the handful of significant American women of the last century; one, however, shrouded in what has become the "Margaret Myth"—what she called the "phantom Margaret." Paula Blanchard sets out to demythologize Miss Fuller, to flush out the phantom; and she succeeds, writing the finest study we have of the woman who went "further than any other woman of her time in forcing an unwilling public to accept the idea of a woman as a major intellectual force."

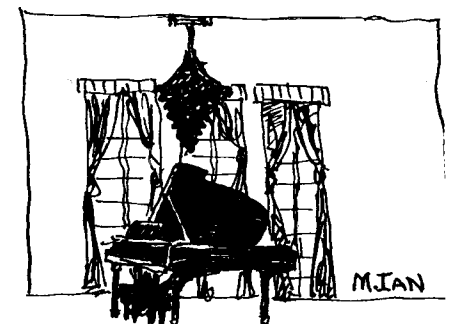
THE EARLY Margaret Fuller is well known. Daughter of a Federalist politico (later senator), raised in and around the Athens of America, and educated at the insistence of the fussy Timothy Fuller to a standard few fathers demanded for their daughters, Margaret soon began to associate with the leading Transcendentalist and Unitarian men of her time. When she was still in her teens (she was born in 1810), she quickly gained the respect of Emerson, taught at Bronson Alcott's bizarre progressive school in Boston, and passed into and out of a series of affectionate relationships with men who never quite realized that she cared for them. She sat at the feet of William Ellery Channing and took from that radiant figure of reform many of the crusading ideals she carried with her for life. She inspired in her contemporaries the mixed emotions to be expected from men who *theoretically* believed (as she *actually* believed) that all souls are equal, but who, like Emerson, wedded that spirit of liberalism to a quite conventional attitude toward the proper place of women.

She wrote a few notable books, most importantly *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1845); edited the Transcendentalist *Dial*; contributed hundreds of articles to Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*; organized a stimulating series of "Conversations" designed at first for women only, though broadened in due course to include the inferior

sex; and managed for years after Timothy's death to superintend the education and careers of her brothers and sisters and the tending of her fragile mother. Thoreau cowered in her presence; Hawthorne despised her ("Margaret Fuller was one of those he-women, who, thank Heaven! for the most part figure and flourish, and have their fame on the other side of the Atlantic . . . Every fact, word, thought, idea, theory, notion, line, verse, that crowded in the cranium of Margaret Fuller was a weapon [that] shot from her like pellets from a steam gun. She bristled all over with Transcendentalism, assaulted you with metaphysics, suffocated you with mythology, peppered you with ethics, and struck you down with heavy history"), and women either adored her or loathed her barbed assaults on them in print. Well, she was large, and she contained multitudes.

And then, in 1846, she journeyed to Europe. England sobered her, France (or at least the French) annoyed her, Italy captivated her—Italy, and the Republican cause, and Socialism, and a handsome, gaunt young man named Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, of a family which had been for generations in service to the Papacy. Her life from 1847 to 1850 is almost never discussed by American feminists, or, for that matter by others interested in Margaret Fuller but those were her most trying years and the ones that most clearly showed her mettle. She bore a son by Ossoli claimed to have married him (though the proof for that claim is obscure) and styled herself the Marchesa Ossoli recognizing that it was "silly for a radical like me, to be carrying a title" but insisting upon it in order to affirm her lover's right to the designation of Marchese.

We have lost Margaret Fuller Ossoli's manuscript on the history of the Italian Republican movement; she barely survived the turmoil in Rome, lived on the slimmest income (sent to her primarily



by Greeley), rescued her romantic, daring Giovanni from imprisonment, and drowned with him and their child and her book on May 19, 1850, when the American bark *Elizabeth* went down off Fire Island. With that coldness so stereotypical of their region, and found so abundantly in their unreadable writings, the titans of Transcendentalism considered her better off dead than obliged to live amidst the scandal her Italian romance, once publicly known, had incited.

Margaret Fuller is remembered as our first major literary critic (she shares that honor with Poe), as our first woman foreign correspondent, and as the true mother of American feminism. She accepted the Universe, and by now, perhaps, the Universe is ready to accept her. □

Shakespeare's Game

By William Gibson

Atheneum, 226 pp., \$10.95

IN DEFENSE OF GONERIL

M. J. SOBRAN

After reading Shakespeare for more than half my life—taking time out for meals, of course—I finally went, last year, to his birthplace. I am not one for shrines, particularly when they are rumored to be thick with tourists and expensive souvenir stands. But I happened to be in England, and my wife coaxed me, for my own good, to go.

Once there, I was immediately glad, and soon I was overcome with an emotion I still can't name. I wept. Even Dr. Johnson's house had no such effect on me. But here I was, in the very rooms where Shakespeare was born, toddled, grew; here he lived as a schoolboy, struggling with Ovid at an age when I was already reading A. C. Bradley.

Bradley has long been in some disrepute for his excessive emphasis on Shakespeare's characters—treating them as quasi-historical personages. But subsequent studies, with their image-clusters and learned delvings into Elizabethan lore, have made that sturdy Victorian seem like a breath of fresh air. At least character is only one remove from dramatic action, and Bradley himself seldom forgot that it

was *drama* he was discussing. He warned against the error he is accused of far more often than he committed it. He still belongs in the first rank of Shakespeare critics, because Shakespeare too had a certain interest in character.

Comes now William Gibson, whose credentials as a playwright—*Two for the Seesaw*, *The Miracle Worker*, *Golda*—are respectable, but hardly seem to qualify him to make any great contribution to our understanding of the theater's sovereign talent. I make that snobbish remark to come clean: it was the prejudice with which I opened this highly instructive little book. To begin with, Gibson has walked a mile in Shakespeare's shoes: he has faced, and licked, the problem of keeping an audience in the theater. That is a surer qualification than a doctorate in Shakespeare Studies.

It is not, in itself, enough. Fortunately, Gibson also savors fine points of characterization and poetry, refreshing the reader with frequent sips of verse and dialogue. He understands that while holding the audience's attention—also known as keeping food on the table—was the condition of Shakespeare's art, it was not its essence. Nor (*pace* Don Marquis' hilarious "pete the parrot meets shakespeare") are the plays mere plots stuffed with smuggled-in verse. The stagecraft and the sublimities are indivisible; the plays were written not only for the theater, but in it, and in a sense by it.

THEY *move*, these plays. They must have been a very bustling two hours' traffic. Garry Wills surmises that the verse was chanted almost as in the Noh theater; but, much as I would like to hear his reasons, I can't conceive how this could be. Shakespeare's prosody moves from end-stopped blank verse in the early plays to an almost colloquial irregularity later on, to be spoken "trippingly." He wrote for a heterogeneous crowd, a chaotic free market, more than for a polite court. Sword-play, ass's head, "exit pursued by a bear": if even the flippant Shaw sneered at this kid stuff, what would thundering Aeschylus have said? Before and after the plays there were tumblers and jugglers, and the playwright cheerfully partook of this milieu, shuffling characters and events with dazzling sleights of hand. Othello, not having had time for a honeymoon, charges Desdemona

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with a thousand acts of shame. Lear's Fool simply evaporates in midplay. All readers know these things. Nobody in a theater ever noticed.

Yet we are still accustomed to thinking of the plays as culminating in the great arias we all learned to recite in school. Gibson looks at them anew for us. He asks how they move, and finds a consistent technique of discharging and controlling dramatic energies. Shakespeare's "game" is one of establishing what Gibson calls an "object," a marriage or revenge or recovery of lost dukedom, the "master move" toward which is impeded by some "barrier," which in turn generates a series of intermediate "moves." Sometimes the lesser moves precede the full definition of the object, or the identity of the two major antagonists does not crystallize until what he calls "the third-act pivot."

It boils down to the truism that drama means conflict, usually conflict of wills. But what Gibson is interested in is not the boiling down to, but the technical application of, the fundamental principle. He shows us Shakespeare the constructor, the seducer of spectators, giving us actions laden with the promise of further actions. "But," he cautions, "the craft is not mere craft. It is . . . the playwright's touchstone of what goes in or is left out; it dictates the integrity of the play, is part of its beauty—the exposition in *Hamlet* has the shapeliness of a symphonic movement—and helps unlock in the playwright those illuminations of human experience which compel our subsequent returns."

CHESTERTON defended Dickens against the charge of demagogy by saying that the novelist didn't so much *give* the public what it wanted, as *want* what it wanted. So, we may presume, with Shakespeare. "Shakespeare's was the motley public, and that we are still to be counted among it is testimony to how deep his knowledge of us ran. The craft itself is part of his knowledge of us." And of himself. The universality of *Hamlet* embraces even its creator. He must have found it fascinating too.

Yea, even Act Two, Scene Two. Gibson's analysis leads him to the inference that the editors of the 1604 quarto goofed: III, i must have come in the middle of what is now II, ii. Thus the restored sequence: Claudius, Gertrude, and Polonius decide to spy on

Hamlet, with Ophelia as bait; they do so in the "To be or not to be" scene; Hamlet meets the actors and decides to do some intelligence work of his own; and finally the play-scene. Gibson cites the support of the pirated 1603 quarto, which seems to have been based on an actual performance. And the play *moves* this way. He must be right.

Shakespeare's Game has more where this came from: a strong argument that *The Tempest* must originally have been a court-masque, for instance, and an almost eye-popping study of the structure of *King Lear*. I'll bet you still think Goneril and Regan were beastly to their father. If you do, you need to read Gibson's book. I promise you'll enjoy it. It's brisk, funny, and shrewd. There won't be another like it unless Gibson writes it himself. He says he won't, which is what I call an unhappy ending. □

DANCE

JULIET AND HER ROMEO

LINDA BRIDGES

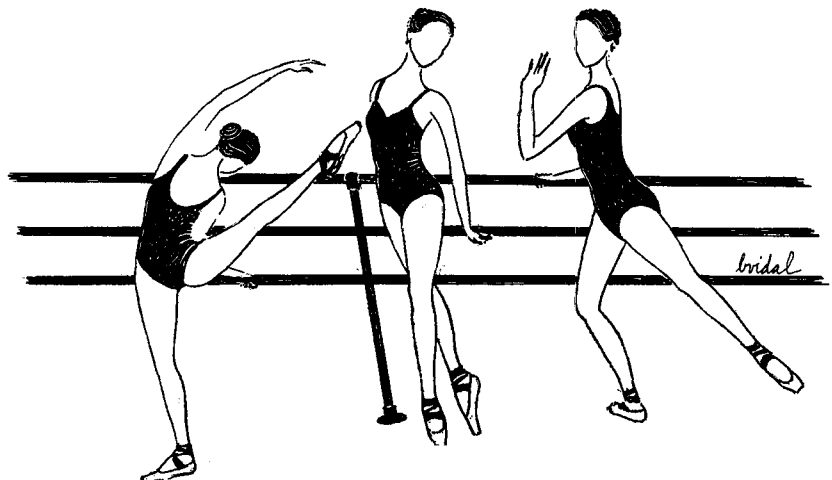
Rudolf Nureyev's new *Romeo and Juliet*—choreographed for the London Festival Ballet last year, and brought to the States this summer—has provoked an unusual degree of interest, especially for a ballet by someone who is not primarily a choreographer. Not that there had been any shortage of ballets to the Prokofiev score, but none of them was precisely about Romeo and Juliet—*Shakespeare's* Romeo and Juliet. Now, that does not make them bad ballets (some of them are, but for

other reasons; whereas Kenneth MacMillan's, for example, is sublime). Nonetheless, it would be a special kind of triumph if Shakespeare could be translated into another medium with the characters and relationships intact, and with no more lost than when he is translated into another language.

When the first reports of Nureyev's *Romeo and Juliet* reached us from London, it sounded as if he had done just that—as if he had, essentially, used the MacMillan version as a base (as MacMillan and Cranko used the Lavrovsky as a base), and re-Shakespeareanized it. Now that the London Festival has brought it to this country, it turns out that the reports were half right.

They were wrong, for example, about Nureyev's version being simply reworked MacMillan—it is sometimes more original, sometimes more eclectic, than that suggests. But they were right about his treatment of Romeo and Juliet themselves: Nureyev has acted as a sensitive, and often inspired, translator, substituting one virtuoso language for another—jeté and battement for intertwined sonnets—and finding precise and evocative ballet equivalents for Shakespeare's verse.

In his choreography for himself (as far as I know, incidentally, no one but Nureyev has danced Romeo in this production; Juliet has had three interpreters—Patricia Ruanne, Eva Evdokimova, and Elisabetta Terabust—all of them first-rate), he begins, as the correlative to the stylized Petrarchan imagery of Romeo's speeches about Rosaline, with a solo of straight lines—pirouettes with the working leg held straight out: battements, front and back; a combination battement—grand rond de jambe, in which the working



leg, held very straight, carves the air into a series of increasingly large circles. Juliet, meanwhile, starts off as a girl just beginning to grow into her charms. She is witty—not elegant-witty, but playful-witty (“I’ll look to like, if looking liking move”), with exuberant grands pas de basque, and a very fast pirouette with her hands over her eyes.

WHEN Romeo and Juliet meet, their styles begin to change—Juliet now swings into high soft tours jetés and sweeping développés; Romeo’s dancing becomes more curved, more sensuous: développés replace battements, the leg is curved in turns and pirouettes. There’s still an element of playfulness in “If I profane with my unworhiest hand . . .,” but it merges into tenderness—and passion, which takes over in earnest in the balcony scene. This is not, though, the headlong passion of most other versions of this ballet. These lovers are less mature and more hesitant (“Although I joy in thee/I have no joy of this contract tonight”). They are “star-crossed,” not, like Tristan and Isolde, inherently tragic.

Unfortunately, as sound as Nureyev’s *Romeo and Juliet* is in its handling of this central relationship, the ballet as a whole is not without flaws. The most important of these, psychologically and dramatically, is the Mercutio-Tybalt-Romeo fight. The Mercutio-Tybalt part of it is fine—serious and straightforward. But the bitterness of Mercutio’s death in Shakespeare—or even the heartbreaking delirium in the MacMillan version—is missing here, and is replaced by a tone of black comedy, as Mercutio’s friends mock his “shamming.” And then, instead of falling upon Tybalt, desperate for revenge (“Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain!”), Nureyev’s Romeo has to be pushed into picking up his sword, and then, having fought and disarmed Tybalt, pushed into taking a dagger and fighting to the death. Why this change was made I cannot fathom—especially since no one has acted this scene better than Nureyev himself, in the MacMillan version. And it works against the essential characterization of Romeo as a young man who, in desperation, will act instantly and directly and against his own interests.

An innovation with better results was Nureyev’s decision to choreograph several scenes which in the earlier ver-

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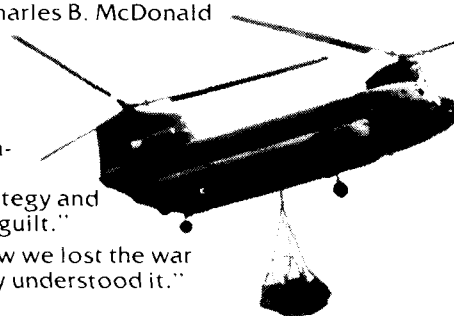
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sion were either acted (rather than danced) or omitted entirely. The Queen Mab speech, for example, usually omitted, is given a jolly mime/dance treatment here. There is also a good translation into mime of Juliet's speech—also usually omitted, although it is crucial to her development—on learning that Romeo has killed Tybalt (*"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face! . . . Ah poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name/When I thy three-hours wife have mangled it?"*). More problematical are the scenes beginning with the Capulets' insistence that Juliet marry Paris. In the MacMillan version, this section has a fairly small proportion of dancing, and not even much formal mime. But when Fonteyn or Seymour just sat on the end of the bed, letting those waves of music break over her, and then snatched up her cloak and ran to Friar Lawrence's cell, it was one of the most moving scenes on any stage. Alas, it needed a Fonteyn or a Seymour to work, and MacMillan has been criticized for putting so little of these scenes into the structure of the choreography. What Nureyev has done instead is to make them allegorical: in the potion scene, for example, Tybalt's and Mercutio's shades come and dance with Juliet, Tybalt urging her to kill herself for the family honor, Mercutio urging her to take the potion and live for Romeo. When they finally leave, she makes her choice in a brief solo that's beautifully choreographed, and beautifully danced by each of the ballerinas who has taken this role; but we miss the intense solitude of Juliet's decision.

IN A DRAMATIC ballet, the choreography has to be evaluated first by its appropriateness to the story it is telling; with the exceptions noted, Nureyev's gets very high marks on this count. Judged as pure choreography, though, it gets a somewhat more mixed verdict. The solos—particularly Romeo's, Juliet's, and Mercutio's—are first-rate, expressive as well as beautiful. The pas de deux are also lovely, although fairly derivative. The one part that is both innovative and magnificent is the scene in which Romeo learns of Juliet's death. No one has ever depicted despair more shatteringly through sheer choreography.

However, in referring to any pas de deux Nureyev choreographs as "der-

ivative," a caveat: much of the style he is deriving from is the one he helped to make. Both in his production of the nineteenth century classics and in his work with Ashton and MacMillan, he helped to make it common practice for the man and the woman to echo—to comment on, and respond to—each other's steps in pas de deux. And although there is obviously an element of self-interest in this—great dancers want to dance—there is also an important psychological point. In the strict Petipa style, the danseur was there almost entirely to support the ballerina. He might—like Anton Dolin, one of the greatest practitioners of this style—be the adoring cavalier; far too often he was merely, in the standard phrase, a portable crane. In either case, he had virtually no personality of his own; dramatically, the heroine was forced to love someone whose sole identity lay in the fact of his adoring her. It has always been Nureyev's view, like Dolin's, that "a pas de deux is a dialogue of love." But Nureyev adds: "How can there be a dialogue if one partner is silent?" In Nureyev's style of choreography, the man is no less devoted to the woman, but he becomes worthy of devotion himself; he is still her vassal, but he is her lord as well—or, as Juliet puts it, "My lord, my love, my friend." □

DELECTATIONS

MONTE OLIVETO

NIKA HAZELTON

"They certainly knew how to pick their sites," my husband and I thought as we drove through the rolling Tuscan countryside—"they" being the monks of the Olivetan Congregation of the Benedictines whose abbey we were going to see. Monte Oliveto Maggiore lies some 22 miles south of Siena, a great red brick complex of buildings shaded by hundreds and hundreds of old cypress trees. The site is spectacular: it is on the spur of a hill jutting into the plain, surrounded on three sides by deep ravines and towering cliffs. It looked like a green island in a dun-colored landscape, ideally suited to prayer and contemplation. The Blessed Bernard Tolomei, who founded the monastery in 1319,



had, like so many other founders of monasteries in Italy, a sure eye for beauty (the Benedictines especially excelled at this).

YOU ENTER the abbey over a drawbridge hung from a battlemented medieval tower; to get to the buildings and church, you go down a steep, brick-paved, cypress-lined alley, to the end of the spur. We met a wedding party on their way from the church to the restaurant that is thoughtfully attached to the abbey (there are no nearby villages or inns). It is now fashionable in Italy to choose a picturesque church for one's wedding and, I must say, I wouldn't have minded the Monte Oliveto abbey for mine either—but too late, too late.

The glory of Monte Oliveto is the great cloister with the frescos of the life of Saint Benedict. The great Renaissance painters Signorelli and Sodoma did them in a most vivid fashion. I don't mean vivid in the sense of some church paintings, which give the horror of the poor saint's martyrdom with every detail, as in San Stefano Rotondo in Rome (now closed to the public for reasons no one knows)—but vivid in the sense that we meet the people, see the miracles—and believe them. The details that remain in the mind's eye—the woman pouring wine as St. Benedict tells the monks where and when they had eaten outside the monastery (which they shouldn't have done); the monks at their table when St. Benedict has obtained flour to restore them, and the two hungry dogs at the foot of the

table; and many more. In the church—which in the early eighteenth century was done up rather coldly in the baroque manner—the inlaid wooden choir stalls are unforgettable, with their many-colored woods that make up a series of complicated pictures with astonishing perspective and *trompe-l'oeil* effects; there is a big cat there to end all cats.

I HAVE A FRIEND at Monte Oliveto, Dom Antonio Maraini, who collects stamps—I send along to him any special ones I find. Each of the monks is allowed a hobby as a respite from his labors in the vineyards and olive groves and wheat fields. But these humble labors are not all of the monks' work. The abbey is famous for the laboratory which restores old parchments, maps, and books for all of Europe. It is also famous for its liqueur, a rather horrid herbal bitters that requires faith to drink, and for its blue and white ceramics, all sold in the gift shop. But when we were there, the monks were deep in grief: burglars had entered the lovely library and stolen a historic collection of coins. Yesterday I received a letter from Dom Antonio: the burglars had tried to break in again, but they had not succeeded.

When I was a child in Rome, on my daily walk to school at the Trinità dei Monti, I used to pass the Via San Nicolo da Tolentino, off the Piazza Barberini. I was curious about the saint, and about the place, Tolentino, where nobody I knew had ever been. The saint was easy to find out about, since he is famous in rural Italy. He was born in 1245 and spent his life as an amiable and very holy religious, working miracles during his lifetime and trying to bring together the Western and Eastern churches. Tolentino turns out to be a little town in the Marche, the province north of the Abruzzi, far from any major city but with a wealth of historical goings-on ever since pre-Roman days, the high point of which was the treaty between Napoleon and Pius VI. In this treaty, where Napoleon got the better of Pius VI, the latter abandoned all claims to Avignon, agreed to pay reparations in money and works of art, and gave up his sovereignty over Bologna, the Romagna, and Ferrara in favor of the French, who then made them, along with other parts of northern Italy, into the Cisalpine Republic. (All this courtesy of

Robin Wu, head of NR research, since none of the guide books gives the information). Why they did this in Tolentino I don't know.

The town, in a circle of hills, is an ordinary little Italian town with a mixture of medieval, Renaissance, and more modern houses, some handsome palaces, an interesting clock tower, a pretty piazza, and nearby archaeological ruins, as well as the salubrious mineral waters Italy is so rich in, and which will cure most ills. (So they say on the bottle.) It is a well-to-do little town, with industrious citizens working in factories—none large enough to spoil the rural landscape—that produce ceramics, clothing, plastic, cement, marble, machinery, and so on. The chief, and very justified, pride of the city is the basilica dedicated to the Saint, who is buried in a crypt.

It is a rich basilica, as befits a famous pilgrimage church, with a very lovely pre-Gothic portal set in a baroque façade. But the splendid *cassettone* ceiling, the multiple marbles, and the pictures do not have the impact of the Cappellone, an arched Gothic chapel

covered to the last inch with glowing fifteenth century paintings in the Giotto manner, representing scenes from the gospel and the life of the Saint. The Giotto's that I have seen have been either pale with age or heavily restored, but these paintings look as they must have done when they were created. The Augustinian friars who run the church are no slouches—they show you, with firm friendliness, all there is to see. We went into the splendid Chapel of the Holy Arms—the Saint's arms, cut off by a fanatical devotee in 1345: they now have been reunited with the body. Then we moved on to the Ceramics Museum and the Cloister, and, finally, an astonishing eighteenth century Nativity of enormous proportions, with trick lighting that takes you from the deepest night through dawn and sunshine. The grand finale was the best ecclesiastical souvenir shop I've ever seen.

It was late and we had to drive back over the mountains. But I will go again to Tolentino to see the other attraction, the International Museum of Caricatures. □

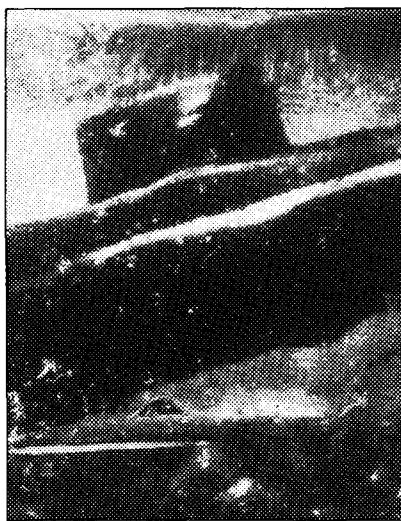
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CENSUS PREVIEW

D. KEITH MANO

From Houston Street on south in New York City they're rough-drafting the decennial U.S. invasion of privacy and faucet count. It's called "1980 CENSUS DRESS REHEARSAL." You couldn't ask for any stonier practice field; I'd rather do the annual audit at a sperm bank. Most census forms are mailed, but this is derelict village. Bums concierge it on every other frontstoop, comparing vintages with the nice perception, though not the eloquence or the carte des vins, of M. William Rusher. I know one wipe-out who has sat in his stuffed armchair (next to his end table and his lamp) on a Bowery street divider since late April. Somehow I don't think his census form will arrive. Not to mention prostitutes and dosehead runaways whose underwear is labeled OCCUPANT. And housing. There're tenement flats so over-partitioned they have walls built across the bathtub. Lose your soap cake and you have to go next door and knock. The final count, south of Houston, will be about as precise as a Romantic poet's wild surmise.

I'll play it fair: Census 1980 isn't all that impertinent: bashful, in fact, when set beside any itemized IRS form. At least you don't need a receipt for your children. Of course the 1789 Document said "enumeration"—nothing more—but "in such manner as they [Congress] shall by law direct." (Where was Franklin—flat tire on his sedan chair?—when those over-enabling words were passed?) With a clause like that, by 2010 they'll ask for info about caloric intake and regularity: the real GNP.

There are seven personal questions. Five seem reasonable enough. 1) Who are you? 2) Who lives with you and in what relationship? 3) Sex, M or F, of all the above. Repeat with 4) Marital Status and 5) Age. And then two questions—almost 30 per cent of the form—on that Great American verruca, Ethnic Background. You can be just plain vanilla: "white": which means, natch, that you have no ethnic background at all. More fortunate censees might fill in the little circle next to "Black or Negro." (It's a wonder they

didn't separate those categories: "Soul brother" and "Uncle Tom.") You might also be "Indian (Amer.), print tribe" or "Aleut" or "Eskimo" or . . . or "Guanamanian." Where the hell is Guanamania? (I know, I know.) But suppose Ma was Filipino and Dad was, oh, "Other, Specify." What are you? "A person is of . . . origin or descent if the person *identifies* [italics not mine] his or her ancestry with one of the listed groups." Just picture William Kunstler's form: every circle filled in. Except "white."

SHARP OF YOU: in all this heavy discriminating for, I haven't mentioned Spanish/Hispanic yet. Just be patient. Indeed every person-Jack of us will have to declare (Question 7) whether or not he/she is Span/His—even though he/she has already blocked in "Korean" or "Eskimo" right above. Wherefore? "The identification of Spanish/Hispanic origin groups is important for understanding cultural differences more fully, and these data enable programs aimed at improving the economic status of these groups to be directed appropriately." Blacks will love that one. A separate HEW bureaucracy for "Chicano," "Cuban," "Puerto Rican," and "Other." Why? Do they speak a different Spanish? There are cultural divergences, sure: but hardly more than exist between white Irish Catholic and white Amish, say; or Alabama and New York black. No economic improvement program dead-aimed at Irish Catholics, though: or Amish. Heck, there are sticky cultural differences between my 13-year-old son and me. This coffeebrown-nosing of Span/Hissers is damned offensive: gross, blown, rancid as a six day-old funeral wreath.

The rest is furniture. Twelve questions about your house: rent, value, acreage, rooms, etc. For instance: "Do you have *complete* plumbing facilities in your living quarters, that is, hot and cold piped water, a flush toilet, and a bathtub or shower?" Then this fine distinction: "Consider that you have hot water even if you have it only part . . . time." The Census Bureau doesn't want to hear any complaint about your superintendent. If there's an H on one tap, shut up and think of yourself as fully plumbed.

Stuck in the package is EMPLOYMENT TEST INFORMATION FOR CENSUS JOB APPLICANTS. This will give a good pro-

file of your standard enumerator: barely literate and about as non-judgmental as omnivores are at lunchtime. Question: "To ENUMERATE means most nearly to: A) Survey. B) Assess. C) Compute. D) Count. Answer: D). Or "A group of applicants . . . were taking a test. Anita Allen did not complete her test until twenty minutes after the rest . . . A) She is much more careful about her work than others in the group. B) She is probably not as smart . . . C) She worked more slowly than the rest of the group for some reason. D) She was probably bothered by some personal problem." Answer: C) "For some reason." Anita may be a mongoloid, but that's none of your business. As for language skills, "Select the most well written sentence below. A) If the applicants had finished the test, they might of done better. B) If the applicants had finished the test, they might have done better." Tough, huh? Prospective enumerators are warned that: "All . . . jobs involve person-to-person contacts and a lot of walking and climbing stairs." And that: "Some of the questions they must ask are what some people consider rather personal." I daresay.

Yet, in another sense, not so. As I read, a police composite of Census 1980 pupates out. The form will be mailed: to a house. More than half the questions are inanimate, structural: trailer, detached home, apartment, tent. In this electron-mobile society, Census 1980 will give off just a blur: a false after-image. I know people who have lived at, have passed through, five different residences since last winter alone: unforwardable people, addressees unknown. It is not men and women, not even Chicanos or Cubans, that will get enumerated in 1980. It is things. Places-where-we-have-been. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PEOPLE OF THE LAKE: MANKIND AND ITS BEGINNINGS, *Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 298 pp., illus., \$10.95). Important archaeological discoveries are both fascinating and forbidding. We are allowed a glimpse into the matrix of prehistory only to be reminded of our infinitesimally short time on the evolutionary scale. During the past decade, the frontiers of this science (Continues on page 1437)

Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

A WASHINGTON organization describing itself as conservationist recently rated a vote in favor of abortion as pro-environmental—on the grounds that human beings are the biggest problem the environment has to deal with. Former Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas put the same idea in slightly different terms when he asserted that, in any contest between human beings and fish, he was on the side of the fish.

How and why this casual denigration of human life has come to dominate our political culture is the subject of *Thou Shalt Not Kill* (Arlington House, \$8.95), edited by Richard L. Ganz of the Christian Counseling and Education Foundation. This is a significant work in many respects, not the least of which is the fact that it is written by a group of evangelical Protestants, and thus disproves, for the zillionth time, the idea that abortion is offensive only to Catholics. Among the contributors are Dr. C. Everett Koop, Professor John M. Frame of Westminster Theological Seminary, historian Jeremy C. Jackson, theologian Harold O. J. Brown, Paul D. Feinberg of Trinity Evangelical Divinity School, and anti-feminist writer Susan T. Foh.

Among them, these authors show conclusively that what occurs in the case of abortion is the snuffing out of sentient, recognizable human life, and that the willingness of our society to accept such barbarism at the rate of one million-plus abortions annually bespeaks, and promotes, a twisting of civilizational values at the most fundamental level. What it bespeaks most plainly, of course, is the abandonment of the religious ethic on which our nation was founded and a reversion to a pagan mind-set which exalts the forces of nature and the ultimacy of the state above the claims of human freedom.

Coming at the subject from a different direction is *The DDT Myth*, by Rita Gray Beatty (John Day, \$6.95). Mrs. Beatty is a California writer who developed an amateur's interest in the DDT dispute but, after consultation

with numerous experts, has written a book about the subject that is more informative than any other I have seen. She has assembled a wealth of data proving DDT is not only the most effective but also the safest insecticide known to man, that it is superior in nearly all respects to the chemicals that have been marketed as substitutes, and that most of the allegations about the terrible harm it does to the environment are flagrantly in error.

Most important, Mrs. Beatty shows that the mentality underlying the crusade against DDT is the same as that behind the crusade for abortion—an outlook that places environmental and related considerations above the value of human life. As the conqueror of malaria and other insect-borne diseases, DDT has been responsible for saving millions of lives in the past three decades; conversely, the phasing out of DDT has led to a sharp resurgence of such diseases, and a consequent rise in the global toll of suffering and death. On the record before us, the eco-freaks could not care less; they are more concerned with birds' eggshells than with malaria deaths in India or Sri Lanka.

FURTHER background on the DDT issue is provided by *Mosquitoes, Malaria, and Man* (E. P. Dutton, \$15), by former Ford Foundation official Gordon Harrison. This story of a century's struggle against malaria makes it clear that DDT has been an incredible boon to the people of the underdeveloped nations, and that, as reliance on DDT has faded, malaria has made an horrific comeback. Harrison barely mentions the environmental crusade against the pesticide, adopting an agnostic position on the question of why, exactly, malaria has been booming again in recent years. The facts he lays before us, however, clearly suggest that the environmental movement is in considerable measure responsible for several million human deaths as the anopheline mosquito resumes its former place of eminence in the world. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[John] WYNDHAM:

Out of the Deepes

All our governments who loudly claim to rule by the will of the people are willing to run almost any risk rather than let their people have arms. Isn't it almost a principle that a people should not be allowed to defend itself, but should be forced to defend its Government? (First sentence condensed from a question.)

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1434)

have been dramatically extended by Richard Leakey and his Koobi Fora project along the eastern shores of Lake Turkana in Kenya. It is here that Leakey, son of the distinguished prehistorians Drs. Louis and Mary Leakey, and his team of researchers have scoured the dry deposits to discover fragments of fossilized bone from several hundred prehuman creatures. Their finds have caused scholars to reconsider the hypothesis that East Africa was the home of the earliest hominids. This volume reinforces the points advanced in their highly acclaimed *Origins*, published a year ago. The authors combine an imaginative prose and an engaging wit, and at once inform and delight. They fly in the face of several orthodoxies by suggesting that, among other things, the history of mankind has not been one unending bloodbath. Rather, they argue that while the nature of our earliest ancestors may suggest occasional combat, self-preservation has been best advanced by a calculated posturing that always allows the opponent an avenue of retreat.

ALAN L. MILLER

THE REPUBLIC OF TECHNOLOGY, by Daniel T. Boorstin (Harper, 105 pp., \$8.95). Here is a response of sorts to Jacques Ellul's *Technological Society* and, on native ground, to Henry Adams' reflections on the Virgin and the Dynamo in his *Education*. It is good reading: analytical, stimulating, and insightful—in short, the kind of book, someone noted, which Steve Allen will fill with "That's right!" marginalia. Boorstin is superb in his taxonomic differentiation of politics and technology, but whether the upbeat ending—a bit of enlightenment optimism—is warranted is quite another thing. Perhaps mastery of the machine and the "Drive-In Everything" remain America's last frontier; however, one would do well to remember that B. F. Skinner's opening chapter in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* is entitled "A Technology of Behavior."

GERALD T. DUNNE

THE IDES OF AUGUST: THE BERLIN WALL CRISIS 1961, by Curtis Cate (M. Evans, 512 pp., \$15.). By mid-summer the storm warnings over Berlin were unmistakable. Khrushchev had recently seized the moment from Kennedy at Vienna, and now the Soviet leader pressed forward with his threat to sign a separate peace accord with Walter Ulbricht, seeking once again to remove the bone of West Berlin from the throat of East Germany. The tension mounted in relation to the exodus of Berliners, who fled the Eastern sector for the West at a rate of four thousand per week. Anticipating the deluge, the defectors were prepared for the risks neces-

sary to secure their freedom. Not so the Allied nations, who stood impotent before the Communist initiative to stanch the hemorrhaging by sealing off East Berlin shortly after midnight of August 13. In the weeks to follow, as the wall emerged in reptilian formation throughout the city, Macmillan continued his golfing holiday, de Gaulle contemplated his role astride the Continent, and Kennedy wrung his hands. Eventually, after receiving a Chamberlain umbrella from a delegation of Bonn University students, he dispatched the reluctant Lyndon Johnson to the scene. The Veep made a speech, handed out ballpoint pens, and haggled with Willy Brandt over souvenir china. Lucius Clay was also sent along as the President's personal representative, but the General's resolve to challenge the Communists was largely undermined by advisors who counseled the Commander-in-Chief to exercise restraint. Cate's compelling narrative is a painful reminder of a flaccid foreign policy that ensured the perpetual division of Germany and doubtless encouraged the Soviets to plan a Cuban missile adventure in the near future.

LEON SPENCER

FREEMAN

(Continued from page 1413)

smile pasted to her pale face, will guess the identity of the anonymous benefactor. That moment will arrive when Monty Hall, dressed up in his Tip O'Neill costume, will peer winningly into the camera and say, "Mrs. Jones, I have in my hand one thousand of your hard-earned tax dollars. Unless you can find a deduction to hide them behind between now and next April, I'm going to give them all to the unwed mothers of East Los Angeles." The Half-Trillion-Dollar Pyramid will deliver its share of thrills, but it may not radiate warm feelings coast to coast.

Indeed, it is conceivable that some

nexus exists between the advent of television coverage of state legislatures and the outbreak of fiscal sobriety in state government. The last few years have seen state deficits turn to surplus, scattered tax rollbacks, and even, in the shining example of Tennessee, the establishment of tax limitation, and, in California, the rollback of property taxes. Is it possible that Mrs. Jones takes a different view of government spending when she can actually watch her money being awarded to anonymous beneficiaries? (It should be noted that the common wisdom holds that floor television will be a liberalizing influence, tending to short-circuit the deliberative function of Congress. The push for plebiscitary initiatives on single-issue movements, however, comes primarily from what journalists identify as the New Right—abortion, gun control, tax limitation, etc. Somebody's in for a surprise.)

10. We may witness the birth of a new generation of media starlets. Watch for word that Robert Redford has signed to play an idealistic young congressman.

11. Then again, if it doesn't pull an audience the show may be canceled. □

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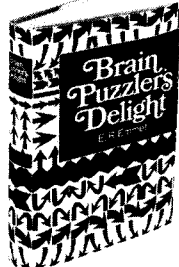
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Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet



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Democratic Fatigue

On
The Right

New York, Oct. 21—The same man who dubbed economics “the dismal science” also got off the line about politics being the preoccupation of the quarter-educated. By extension, a political contest between two men fighting over economic issues should be the ho hum of the season. Instead, the fight between Jeff Bell and Bill Bradley in New Jersey is probably the most exciting political contest of the year.

It began with the experts assuming there would be no contest. How could there be? Bill Bradley is as well known in New Jersey as Coca Cola. For those who do not know what Coca Cola is, Bradley is the former basketball star who went to Princeton, then to Oxford, then to a professional team in which he distinguished himself sufficiently to have got written about by John McPhee of *The New Yorker*, a distinction which has got to be on the order of a garden getting itself painted by Monet. So much for Bradley, whose distinctiveness, alas, collapses the moment he opens his mouth to release Democratic platitudes.

Jeff Bell, although of almost identical build, same age, a face at least as pleasing, began by doing the impossible political thing. Coming from nowhere, he defeated an incumbent who had become a part of New Jersey's skyline. To wake up in the morning and not see Clifford Case is an experience no one in New Jersey under the age of fifty or so ever had—but Jeff Bell did it, and it was such a surprise that the newscasters were caught without knowing who he was, how old, where he had gone to school, or what he had campaigned on. What he campaigned on then, and what he is campaigning on now, is the need to cut taxes. To cut them substantially. But the difference between tax cut proposals put out to the voters as mere aphrodisiac, and tax cut proposals in the complete sense in which Bell is arguing that necessity, is the difference between digging a ditch to lay a garden hose, and digging a ditch to connect the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans. Jeff Bell's crusade is not so much tax relief as it is the reconstitution of the American economy. And this so much upset Bill Bradley that he brought into the state, you'll never guess—Teddy Kennedy.

To talk about? You'll never guess: the

perils of inflation. One thinks of bringing in Curtis LeMay to warn of the military-industrial complex, or Vernon Jordan to talk about blacks being uppity. Here is the premier inflationist in the Senate, brought to New Jersey to warn that if the Kemp-Roth bill were passed, we would suffer from soaring inflation. While he said this, Bill Bradley nodded his head in agreement. He remembered all that talk at Princeton against soaring inflation, from all those professors who voted for George McGovern.

BUT THE irony is that Teddy Kennedy was fighting a ghost. Namely, his brother Jack. Because what Jeff Bell is calling for is not substantially different from what President Kennedy was calling for in 1963. It was in 1963 that John Kennedy said that “the main roadblock” to full economic recovery “is the heavy burden of taxes on the American people.” The Kennedy relief bill (taxes then ranged from 14 to 70 per cent) was passed—and the greatest postwar economic recovery was the result.

Teddy Kennedy came to New Jersey for the express purpose of illegitimizing the analysis of his older brother as applied to the current situation. He had a very difficult time of it. Because at the time the elder Kennedy said that the taxes were too high, inflation was negligible. Today, taxes are also at 14 to 70 per cent, but in addition to this there is what Jeff Bell correctly calls the “bracket creep.” Every time you take one step forward economically, you find that two things have happened: inflation has wiped away your increased wage, and meanwhile you have walked into the progressive incline in the tax rate. So that, simultaneously, you are earning less, and paying more. Teddy Kennedy did not stress, in his appearance in New Jersey, that the Congresses that have appropriated the money that has brought on a dozen successive fiscal budget deficits have been Democratic Congresses. Senator Kennedy is not renowned for owning up to his share of the responsibility for misbehavior.

Meanwhile, Jeff Bell brought in Jack Kemp, which was a nice touch because Kemp also had been a professional ath-

lete, like Bradley, the difference between them being that Kemp moonlighted in economics during the period that he played ball. Kemp emphasizes the symbolic difference between the Republicans and the Democrats at this turn in American history. The Republicans—and Jeff Bell is their principal figure at bat in this campaign—are looking at the economic shambles in America and saying: Let's get on with it. Let's stop eroding the dollar. Let's cut down on unemployment. Let's put college and high-school graduates back to work at something they are trained to do. The spirit in America is in those who believe that if only Congress will just take off the weight Congress put there, we can lope—nay, maybe sprint, the way Bill Bradley used to do racing toward the net—to full and joyous economic recovery. □

SINGLE- ISSUE VOTING

New York, Oct. 19—By courtesy of public television we were shown the other day a party given by the black caucus attended by luminaries including Senator Kennedy. The rhetoric of the occasion was given over primarily to the need to pass the Humphrey-Hawkins bill. Mr. Conyers of Michigan was frequently on camera, having recently distinguished himself by walking out on the President of the United States because the President did not attach the same priority to the passage of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill that he recently attached to getting Israel and Egypt to come together. And what he said was absolutely straightforward. We ought to pass the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, he said, among other reasons because any congressmen who votes against it is going to need help looking for another job after November.

Cute, kind of; but the symptom of a raging disease that feasts on the vital organs of republican government. It is the one-issue approach to public affairs. Senator Kennedy has said: Unless a man votes for Humphrey-Hawkins (a lousy bill, by the way, but leave that alone for a minute), he should be defeated at the polls. This of course is the approach of the fanatic, and makes it difficult to make common cause.

I noticed in this space during the weeks before the vote on the Panama Canal treaties a letter sent to Senator Hayakawa by a lifelong Republican in California. After recounting the writer's fidelity to the Republican Party, he ended by saying that unless Hayakawa voted against the Panama Treaty, the writer would never support Hayakawa again, and indeed would desert the Republican Party.

The American Federation of Teachers, for example, had called for dumping everyone in Congress who attached his name to the Moynihan-Packwood bill in its aid to private schools. As far as the American Federation of Teachers is concerned, anybody who votes in such a way as to endanger their near monopoly on public schools does not belong in Congress. It is a sober thought that these are the same teachers who are giving courses in civics to America's students.

THERE HAVE been one-cause types around for years, to be sure. The anti-fluoridationists for a while asked no other question of a prospective candidate than what was his position on the fluoridation plot to weaken the national will (I could be persuaded that it worked). The gun control people sometimes forget there are other problems. It is so, Abraham Ribicoff mused, in the matter of Israel where some voters are concerned. The trouble is that to insist on exclusivity in respect of a single issue is to deny the function of perspective, and to set up a *pons asinorum* which would end us up in Congress with a constantly shifting set of robots. Robots because they would feel obliged to do exactly what their constituents demanded. Constantly shifting because it is impossible to do what A wants without going against the will of B, and an accumulation of offenses against one-issue constituents is bound to end you up with a majority against you.

Every now and again issues of such enormous magnitude arise as to justify the perfectly simple question: Are you for, or are you against? We were heading in that direction during the great debates on Kansas and Nebraska—when we might say: Are you for, or are you against, the extension of slavery?

Some of the anti-abortion people do believe that abortion is out-and-out murder. Believing this, they are entitled to ask that one question, even as one would ask only one question if the referendum was on the continuation of Dachau. It is an analogy falsely posed, in my judgment, because murder requires something the lawyers call *mens rea*—evil intent which is not there in most abortions. But in the absence of issues the gravity of which excludes all other considerations as trivial, it is reckless to encourage the one-issue men-

talities. Senator Kennedy ought to be the last man in the United States to do such a thing. □

UP KAHN

New York, Oct. 17—The chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board has made headlines by his revolutionary introduction of free enterprise in the industry he regulates. This development has been widely recorded, and almost universally applauded. But it is insufficiently noticed about Alfred E. Kahn that there has not recently appeared on the scene a better example of the truism that the style is the man. The reason Mr. Kahn is making sensible public policy is that he *thinks* clearly. Having thought clearly, he proceeds to that unimaginable public benefaction: he writes clearly. His impatience with cant is not merely stylistic, it is substantive. People who deal in cant slobber their way through life without making distinctions. Like dear Mrs. Roosevelt. No doubt, a personal saint—but she was a menace to international coherence.

Chairman Kahn recently sent a memo to "all bureau heads" in the Civil Aeronautics Board on the subject of "responses to consumer complaints." *His* complaint was that typical answers to consumers making complaints was: Make your complaint to the airline.

HE GAVE as an example an answer drafted by his staff in reply to a complaint against Delta Airlines alleging that it routinely withheld seats on the flight from Chattanooga to Knoxville, holding them back for passengers flying from the originating point in Atlanta on to Knoxville. The contemplated answer merely said that Delta denied the allegation and added that in any case it was implausible inasmuch as fewer than two per cent of the passengers using the flight proceeded from Atlanta beyond Chattanooga.

"Isn't there anything more we can do?" Kahn asks his staff. "For example, in order to check Delta's assertion that it sells seats on a first come, first served basis: Why don't we have our people over a month place fifty telephone calls asking for space on one of these flights from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and fifty others, interspersed, asking for reservations . . . to Knoxville?"

He suggested, as a draft answer to the plaintiff, "While I have no reason to believe Delta is misleading us in these assertions, I am instructing our staff to verify them independently." And then the supremely refreshing afterthought—because, you see, Fred Kahn hopes to *diminish* the authority and responsibilities of the CAB, not increase them—"Now of course if we can't verify them indepen-

dently, then it seems to me that we owe it to the public to explain why."

Last August, speaking before the American Bar Association, Kahn gave the gentlemen unshirted hell. He was addressing a profession from whose ranks over the years a few members have lucratively engaged in attempting to preserve the immunities and perquisites beloved of those who exercise monopoly or oligopolistic control. For a while it appeared that the whole legal profession was engaged in a holy war to prevent Kahn from opening up that competition in flying which has generated the biggest boom in the industry in a generation. "I cannot help feeling," said Kahn, "that some among you, determined to resist our present policies with all the weapons at your command, have seized upon procedural arguments because you really can't refute our new policies substantively."

Kahn described the arcane procedures by which, over the decades, new routes had been assigned. "The Chairman . . . would then pick up the telephone and call the General Counsel and tell him who the lucky winner was, and nothing more; then a lawyer on the General Counsel's staff, amply supplied with blank legal tablets and a generous selection of clichés—some, like 'beyond-area benefits,' 'route strengthening' or 'subsidy-need reduction,' tried and true, others the desperate product of a feverish imagination—would construct a work of fiction that would then be published as the board's opinion."

And, in a *cri de coeur* for lucidity, Fred Kahn said: "My highly publicized preoccupation with the style of our orders and our opinions is not merely aesthetic; it also goes to the very heart of what we do. All too often, the use in opinions of such pomposities as 'we reject the proposed course of action because we deem it inappropriate'—which means no more than 'we're not going to do it because we don't want to'—or such oblique methods of expression as the passive voice—'he was hit by a rock,' when what really happened was that you threw a rock at him—all too often the purpose of those pomposities and circumlocutions is to conceal information, and to seem to explain while actually saying absolutely nothing. I was taught as a child that 'because' is not an answer to the question 'why?' No more is 'because it is appropriate' or 'inappropriate'—the only difference being that the child does not sound like a pompous ass. So my campaign for the active voice and for the elimination of pomposities and circumlocutions is fundamentally a campaign for clear explanations—real explanations—of what we are doing and why." Can such a man continue to exercise authority in Washington? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

DEFINITIONS

- A. One who can perceive your thoughts and thus save a penny
47 79 54 111 134 149 158 174 189 198
- B. To guarantee financial support of
175 62 58 162 6 126 144 138 183 190
- C. What an illiterate's autobiography would have to be
52 67 39 188 1 65 70 75 156 187
- D. An official journal
63 28 56 105 130 140 120
- E. A promontory in the Shetland Islands
77 102 131 136 148 123 106 112
- F. One of an English breed of sheep
104 72 98 163 182 192 26
- G. How a serial writer would pay his debts
122 25 35 69 41 81 94 115 132 139
161 179
- H. What mail delivered to your home might be
137 48 86 32 18 173 157 184
- I. A fetter
23 43 97 3 7
- J. This will surprise you
142 133 164 45 171 125 159 135 19
- K. The period during which Yoshihito reigned in Japan
193 73 166 107 127 20
- L. An American author (1804-1864)
181 27 150 33 2 191 14 76 195
- M. A request for repetition
186 170 113 145 178 15

- N. A city in Southeast Queensland
55 21 151 4 34 176 141
- O. A reporter's territory
83 57 78 89 92 10 22 66
- P. A movie short made by an ecadysiast
9 64 108 87 167 129 71 36 152
- Q. Reverberations (as on April 18, 1775)
31 197 185 5 88 74
- R. A California tree
40 116 160 146 16 50 29
- S. A story
42 24 51 46 153 90 168 30 177
- T. The point of a planet's orbit farthest from the sun (Associated Press + a male animal)
68 154 194 199 59 95 169 147
- U. What an attorney wears in court
80 128 180 196 13 99 8
- V. Even Earl Warren had to respect this law
38 172 11 124 143 100 60
- W. Part of a house
110 82 91 17 12 118 103
- X. An ill wind that no man blows good
114 119 109 155
- Y. What the cardiologist sent his fiancée
165 53 121 84 201 117 61 37 93
- Z. To obliterate
200 44 49 101 85 96

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1436 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1	C	2	L	3	I		4	N	5	Q	6	B	7	I	8	U		9	P	10	O	11	V	12	W	13	U	14	L	15	M				
16	R	17	W		18	H	19	J	20	K	21	N	22	O	23	I	24	S	25	G	26	F	27	L		28	D	29	R	30	S	31	Q	32	H	
33	L	34	N	35	G	36	P	37	Y	38	V		39	C	40	R		41	G	42	S	43	I		44	Z	45	J	46	S	47	A				
48	H	49	Z		50	R	51	S	52	C	53	Y	54	A	55	N	56	D	57	O	58	B		59	T	60	V	61	Y	62	B	63	D			
64	P	65	C		66	O	67	C	68	T	69	G		70	C	71	P	72	F		73	K	74	Q		75	C	76	L	77	E					
78	O	79	A	80	U	81	G		82	W	83	O	84	Y		85	Z	86	H	87	P	88	Q	89	O		90	S	91	W			92	O		
93	Y	94	G	95	T	96	Z	97	I	98	F		99	U	100	V		101	Z	102	E		103	W	104	F	105	D	106	E	107	K				
108	P	109	X	110	W	111	A	112	E		113	M	114	X	115	G	116	R		117	Y	118	W		119	X	120	D	121	Y	122	G	123	E		
124	V	125	J		126	B	127	K	128	U	129	P		130	D	131	E	132	G	133	J		134	A	135	J	136	E	137	H			138	B		
139	G		140	D	141	N	142	J	143	V	144	B		145	M	146	R	147	T		148	E	149	A	150	L	151	N	152	P	153	S	154	T		
155	X	156	C	157	H		158	A	159	J	160	R		161	G	162	B	163	F	164	J	165	Y	166	K	167	P	168	S	169	T	170	M			
171	J	172	V	173	H	174	A	175	B	176	N	177	S	178	M	179	G		180	U	181	L	182	F	183	B		184	H	185	Q	186	M	187	C	
	188	C	189	A	190	B		191	L	192	F		193	K	194	T	195	L		196	U	197	Q	198	A	199	T	200	Z	201	Y					

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When I told her about my raise last night,
she said, "Don't spend it all in one place."



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